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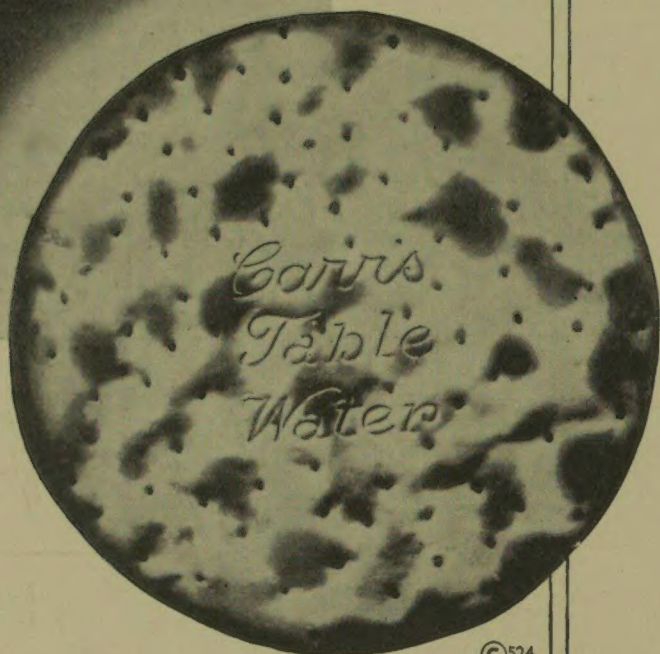
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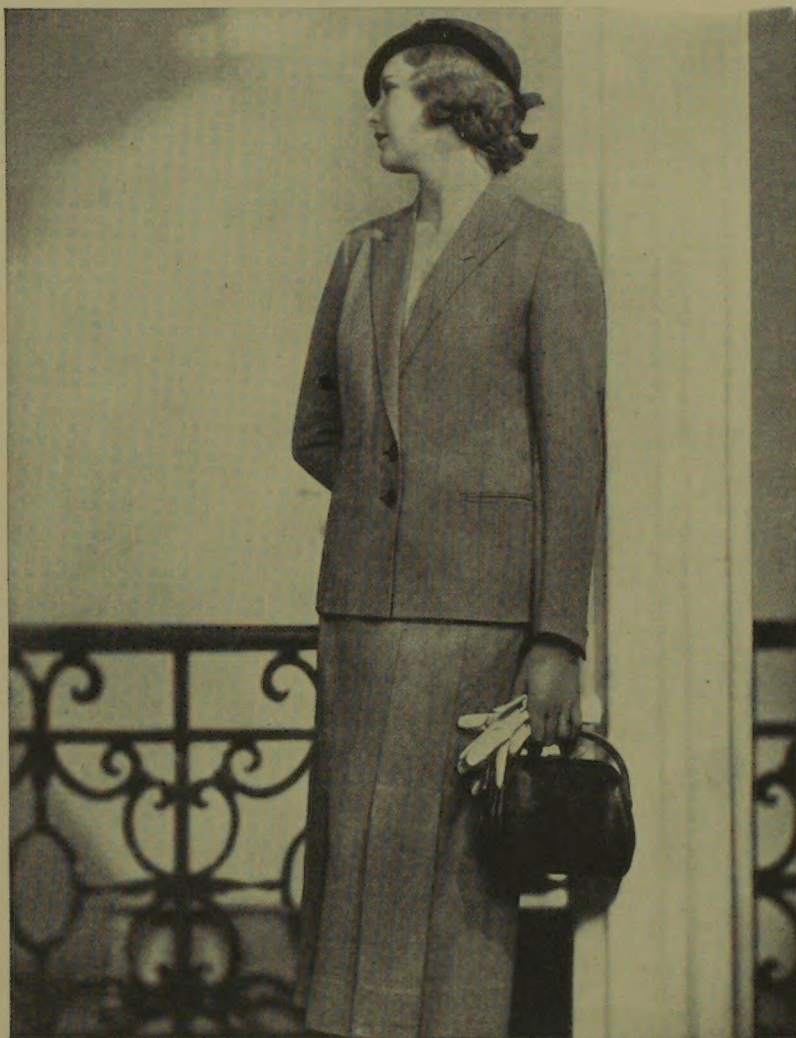
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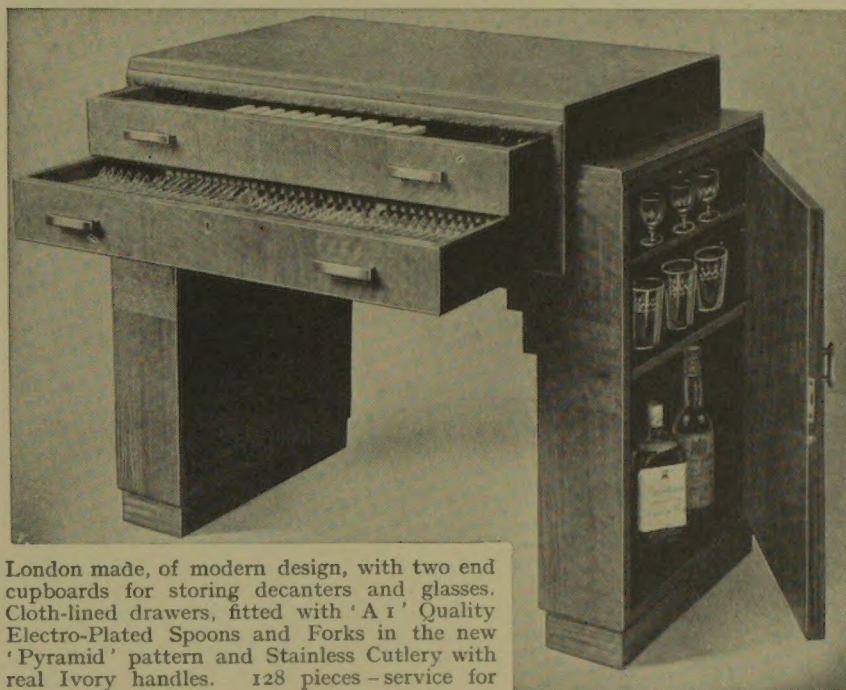
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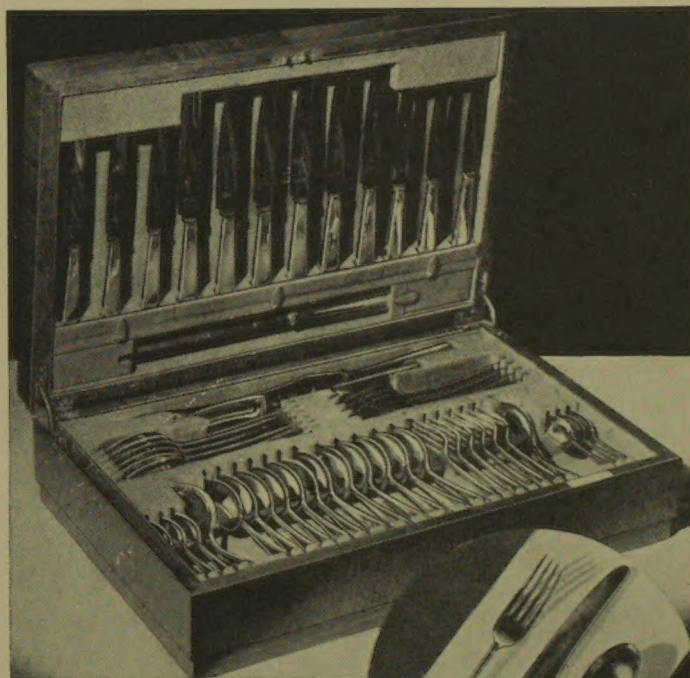
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SATURDAY. MARCH 3, 1934.



LEOPOLD III., THE NEW KING OF THE BELGIANS, TAKING THE OATH TO OBSERVE THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS OF THE PEOPLE, WHILE QUEEN ASTRID AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN LOOK ON.

H.R.H. the Duke of Brabant, elder son of the late King Albert I., took the Oath as Leopold III., King of the Belgians, in the Chamber of Deputies at Brussels on February 23. As he entered, he was announced twice: "Sa Majesté le Roi!" and "Haar Majesteit de Koning!" Then, standing by the Throne bearing the words "L'Union fait la Force," he declared, first in French, then in Flemish: "I swear to observe the Constitution and the laws of the Belgian people and to preserve the independence of the nation and the integrity of its

territory." Next, seated, he read his Speech from the Throne. On the dais in the centre of the photograph are seen Queen Astrid and the royal children—Prince Baudouin, the new heir to the throne, who was born in September 1930, and Princess Josephine, who was born in October 1927. Behind the Royal Family are (l. to r.) the Count of Flanders, brother of the new King, Prince Axel of Denmark, the Prince of Piedmont, the Crown Prince of Norway, the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort of Holland, and Prince Charles of Sweden.

SCENES OF KING ALBERT'S FUNERAL AND KING LEOPOLD'S ACCESSION.



THE NEW KING OF THE BELGIANS, LEAVING THE PALACE AT LAEKEN TO RIDE INTO BRUSSELS AND TAKE THE OATH, WELCOMED BY M. MAX, THE FAMOUS BURGOMASTER, OFFERING HIM THE CITY KEYS, AS HE DID TO KING ALBERT ON HIS ACCESSION.



THE NEW QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS ON HER WAY TO PARLIAMENT TO SEE HER HUSBAND TAKING THE OATH AS KING LEOPOLD III.: QUEEN ASTRID, WITH HER CHILDREN, PRINCESS JOSEPHINE-CHARLOTTE AND PRINCE BAUDOUIN, IN A ROYAL CARRIAGE.



A REPUBLICAN TRIBUTE TO ROYALTY: THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO KING ALBERT IN MADRID CATHEDRAL, WITH A CROWN PLACED ON THE CATAFALQUE.



A BRITISH REGIMENT OF WHICH KING ALBERT WAS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF REPRESENTED AT HIS FUNERAL: INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS PASSING THE COFFIN.



A REPUBLICAN TRIBUTE TO ROYALTY: THE REQUIEM MASS FOR KING ALBERT CELEBRATED IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT BERLIN.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN HIS RED AND SILVER VICKERS MONOPLANE LEAVING WINDSOR GREAT PARK FOR BRUSSELS, TO ATTEND KING ALBERT'S FUNERAL: THE AEROPLANE, WHICH WAS ESCORTED FROM DOVER BY FOURTEEN R.A.F. MACHINES AND MET ON THE WAY BY A FLIGHT OF THE BELGIAN AIR FORCE, FLYING LOW AS THE PRINCE WAVED FAREWELL FROM THE CABIN WINDOW.

The Prince of Wales went to Brussels by air in his own machine to take part in King Albert's funeral. He returned to London, after attending the new King's enthronement, on February 23. On the day of the funeral memorial services were held in Rome, Madrid, and Berlin. That in the Cathedral at Madrid was attended by the President of the Spanish Republic. In Berlin a Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Roman Catholic Cathedral by the Papal Nuncio. President von Hindenburg was represented by his personal Secretary



IN KING ALBERT'S FUNERAL PROCESSION: (RIGHT) PRESIDENT LEBRUN AND KING BORIS OF BULGARIA; (NEXT ROW, L. TO R.) THE PRINCE CONSORT OF HOLLAND, PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND PRINCE GUSTAV OF SWEDEN; (BEHIND THEM, L. TO R.) PRINCE CHARLES OF SWEDEN (QUEEN ASTRID'S FATHER), AND PRINCE NICHOLAS OF RUMANIA.

of State, the Government by Herr von Papen and Baron von Neurath, and Prussia by General Göring. The British Ambassador, Sir Eric Phipps, was also present. On February 23, as illustrated on our front page, the Duke of Brabant took the Oath as King Leopold III., and made the traditional progress through Brussels to show himself in every part of his capital. He was acclaimed with immense enthusiasm. As he left the Palace gates at Laeken, he was welcomed in the name of Brussels by Burgomaster Max, of war-time fame.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT KING: FUNERAL PAGEANTRY IN BRUSSELS.



THE FUNERAL OF KING ALBERT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CORTÈGE AS IT LEFT THE ROYAL PALACE IN BRUSSELS; SHOWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE COFFIN (STRAPPED ON BECAUSE OF UNEVEN PAVING), AND BEHIND IT THE LATE KING'S BAY CHARGER, TITANIC, LED BY A GROOM, FOLLOWED BY THE NEW KING, LEOPOLD III. (SEEN ABOVE THE LEFT END OF THE COFFIN), WALKING BETWEEN HIS BROTHER, THE COUNT OF FLANDERS (LEFT), AND HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE PRINCE OF PIEMONTE (RIGHT).



THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF STE. GUDULE: AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE, SHOWING THE CATAFALQUE (WHICH TEMPORARILY CONTAINED THE COFFIN) SURROUNDED BY TALL CANDLES, ABOVE WHICH IS PARTLY VISIBLE THE LATE KING'S WAR-TIME STEEL HELMET, PLACED ON THE TOP ALONG WITH THE TUNIC WHICH HE WORE AT THE FRONT AND HIS CAVALRY SABRE CROSSED OVER ITS SCABBARD.

King Albert's funeral, which took place in Brussels on February 22, was the most impressive ceremony of its kind witnessed since the war. Every unit of the Belgian Army was represented in the procession, with the colours of all regiments that served in the war, besides the French and British contingents.

The latter comprised detachments from the Navy, the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and the Royal Air Force. From the Royal Palace the cortège went to Ste. Gudule, where a service was held. Then the procession re-formed for the journey to Laeken, and there the coffin was laid in the Royal Crypt.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT was a long time ago, and I think upon this page, that I recorded the very obvious truism that the only sort of modern story that can now be called a moral story is the murder story. The schoolboy who was warned away from penny dreadfuls might well be so warned on merely æsthetic grounds; but he obviously ought to be advised to confine himself entirely to such shockers on purely ethical grounds. They are probably the only books that are still built on the traditional plan of truth and honour as understood by all the great civilisations of the past. All the rest are more or less persuasive apologies for perjury or more or less attractive presentations of betrayal. We need not go into the curious history of the social decline, accompanied with an economic and philosophical decline, which has produced this strange and soft and probably temporary state of things. The whole question turns on one blank assumption, which is not an answer to the question. It turns on the idea that there should not be rules or warnings against things *because* there are strong temptations to those things. The whole question is turned topsy-turvy, and begins all over again, if we recognise the perfectly simple fact that our fathers made the rules and warnings *because* they knew all about the temptations. A little boy was told not to steal, not because it is strange or abstruse or eccentric for a little boy to steal, but because he is very likely to want to steal. When this simple truth has slowly penetrated the modern mind, we may expect a new and very solemn discussion of modern morals.

But in the particular case mentioned, the murder story was not a moral story merely because it contained a policeman. It was not due to the modern accident that the murder story is a detective story. It was not merely because the story of a banker stunned with some heavy blunt instrument, though a heavy instrument in fact, was still a light form of fiction. All the archetypal tales of Scripture, like Cain and Abel, were of the same kind; so were the great Renaissance tragedies; so, above all, were the true moral tales of the eighteenth century. Indeed, these moral tales were not considered moral at all, and hardly regarded as fit for the young, unless they ended with very vivid black woodcuts of the bludgeon and the gallows. But what bound all these traditional tales together, true or false, great or small, was the fact that the moral was the same if the fable was different; and the moral is that murder is a habit to be avoided. I have lived to see even the detective story invaded by doubt and scepticism and sophistry. I have read recent stories which really do suggest that, because we all want to murder a bore, the bore had better be murdered. But since then I have seen a much more astounding phenomenon, and one against which I should like to make a violent protest. It is not the moral mystery story. It is not the immoral mystery story. It is the psychological mystery story; and it is bosh.

Whether or no a banker ought to be murdered for being a bore, we all know what we mean when we say that he is a bore. But in some recent mystery stories, especially American ones, the story is stuffed with the talk of people who are bores, but cannot even use so intelligent a word about themselves or other people. There is one which describes a public vehicle loaded up with a sort of ballast of bores, who are supposed to be professors of psychology, and who all talk about the crime without shedding the most remote ray of light on it. I hasten to say that I do not exactly know what was the actual intention of the author. According to some of the notes of publication, he is a psychologist himself; and if a spirited, youthful ambition led him to make all the other psychologists look fools, he has triumphantly succeeded. If the book is meant for a grand piece of irony, I apologise abjectly to the satirist for seeming, even in these preliminary phrases, to identify him with the objects of his satire. Considered as objects

being the mere reflection of the hormic form of it, if Dr. Popass had not pointed it out to me.

A little later she expands such simple examples "... I can characterise the nature of any true hormic impulse. First, its energy flows in such channels that the organism approaches its goal": that is, if your breakfast lies due north-west, you do not seek for it by going south-west. "Second, the flow is determined by a cognitive activity on the part of the organism, an awareness, even if very vague, of the present situation and of the goal": that is, that if you only know in a general way that the breakfast lies eastward, you look for it with all the information you have. "Third, when the goal is reached, the activity ceases": that is, when you've found your breakfast, you don't look for it any more. "Fourth and last, progress towards the goal is pleasurable and any thwarting it is felt as disagreeable": that is, when you have actually started your breakfast and somebody snatches it out of your mouth, you are annoyed. Always supposing, of course, that Hormic Psychology has instructed you to be annoyed.

I append the following prize specimen, from the other psychologist, Dr. Pons; a blasting satire of the muddle in the modern mind. For him everything is Acquisitiveness; and a young man is charged with wishing to possess or "acquire" a girl, which he does by trying to shoot her dead through a locked door, so that he cannot even see her dying, let alone living. All this will be familiar to psychologists. If I want to "acquire" a Ming vase, I always send a telegram to have it blown up with dynamite in another town. But Dr. Pons does not merely think this consistent with acquisition; he thinks it a *proof* of acquisition. "He tried to kill her (which, of course, is complete proof that his relation towards her was ultimately appetitive)." That is funny enough, but the conclusion is the last twist of a nightmare of nonsense. After saying that the man's attempt to kill her *proved* that he desired her, Dr. Pons calmly adds, "because she was the one witness to his crime. To preserve his own neck he had to get her out of the

way." If the one witness to this crime had been a Chinaman selling bootlaces, or an aged negro hoeing potatoes, a ragged tramp hiding under a seat, a mad Methodist preacher with a long white beard, or anybody else who happened to be there, the young man would kill him because he was a witness. At the same time, and even in the same sentence, it is a *complete proof* that his relation to all these persons was "ultimately appetitive."

Much as I admire this brilliant burlesque of the tomfoolery of modern American psychology, I cannot but think that this part of it is a little overdone. I cannot believe in Dr. Pons; I cannot think that even a lifetime spent in studying the nature of the human mind could make a man quite so mindless as all that.



THE GREATEST OF MODERN ENGLISH COMPOSERS AND MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSIC:
THE LATE SIR EDWARD ELGAR, O.M.

After a long illness, Sir Edward Elgar died at his Worcestershire home on February 23. He was, by common consent, the greatest of modern English composers and one of the master musicians of the world. His life was devoted to music, and his early years were a struggle for recognition. The son of a Worcester organist, he came to London at the age of seventeen to hear music and to gain a living as a violinist. Later he was able to spend some time in Germany, but he never underwent any academic training of any kind. After devoting himself in the 'nineties mainly to a series of oratorios and cantatas, Sir Edward produced, in 1900, his "Dream of Gerontius," his most famous choral work. "The Apostles" followed in 1903, and "The Kingdom" in 1906— oratorios of great beauty; and the Symphony in A flat appeared in 1908, and the second Symphony in E flat, dedicated to the memory of King Edward, in 1911. He became a great popular figure with his six "Pomp and Circumstance" marches. One of these contains a melody which, when refashioned as "Land of Hope and Glory," became a national song. In 1911 Sir Edward was awarded the Order of Merit; and in 1924, on the death of Sir Walter Parratt, he was appointed Master of the King's Music. He was made a Baronet in 1931.

of satire, some of these psychologists are perfectly admirable. I doubt if Voltaire, guying some eighteenth-century humbug, could do anything better than the portrait of the lady psychologist, Dr. Popass. She believes in hormic urges, which is the Greek for urgey urges. She discusses them in this lucid manner: "What I am trying to point out is the very great, the fundamental importance, especially for human beings, of the underlying, goal-seeking activities. They are basic to everything; the appetite for food, for example, is a reflection of the instinctive hormic impulse to eat."

What should we do without new bright suggestions of this kind? It would never have occurred to me that eating could have any sort of connection with food, let alone so subtle and remote a connection as



MR. EDEN'S TOUR OF EUROPEAN CAPITALS TO DISCUSS DISARMAMENT: THE LORD PRIVY SEAL (SECOND FROM R.) WITH BARON VON NEURATH (CEN.) AND SIR ERIC PHIPPS (SECOND FROM L.), THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN BERLIN.

Mr. Eden, the Lord Privy Seal, left Paris on February 19 for a series of discussions on Disarmament in European capitals. He spent the 20th in discussions with Herr Hitler and Ministers at Berlin, and prolonged his visit in order to continue his conversations with the Chancellor. On February 22, after further conversations, he saw President von Hindenburg. Mr. Eden arrived in Rome on February 24. He was received by Signor Mussolini on February 26.



THE DEATH OF A FAMOUS NICARAGUAN REBEL LEADER: GENERAL AGUSTINO SANDINO, SHOT DEAD AT MANAGUA.

General Don Agustino Sandino, who for more than five years opposed the Nicaraguan Governments which were supported by U.S. Marines, was killed on February 21 by Nicaraguan National Guards, who, it was announced, had exceeded their instructions.



A UNIQUE SPORTING ACHIEVEMENT: MAJOR HUGH PEEL, WITH BRYN TRUTHFUL, WATERLOO CUP WINNER; AND POETHLYN, GRAND NATIONAL WINNER.

Major Peel is the only racehorse-owner who has won the Waterloo Cup as well as the Grand National. His Poethlyn, which won the Grand National for the second time in 1919, at the age of nine, is now twenty-four, but looking remarkably well. His greyhound, Bryn Truthful, was illustrated in our last issue. Other racehorse-owners have, of course, also won the Waterloo Cup.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LORD SANDS.

A great Scottish Churchman, and a judge of the Court of Session for more than sixteen years. Died February 26; aged seventy-seven. President Edinburgh Battalion of the Boys' Brigade.



TO SUCCEED LORD TYRRELL AS BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS: SIR GEORGE CLERK, BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN BRUSSELS.

Sir George Clerk took up his appointment as Ambassador in Brussels last December. In 1919, after a period as Private Secretary to the Acting Foreign Secretary, he became Special Delegate of the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference on Missions to Bucharest and Budapest. That year he was appointed First British Minister to Prague. In 1926 he became Ambassador to Turkey.



M. ALBERT PRINCE.

Judge of the Paris Court of Appeal, who, as chief of the financial section of the Public Prosecutor's Office, would have important knowledge of certain aspects of the Stavisky scandal. A body identified as his was found on the railway-line near Dijon, murder having, apparently, been committed.



PROFESSOR EWALD BANSE.

Appointed to the Chair of Military Science at Brunswick Technical College shortly after Herr Hitler's rise to power. His "Military Science" caused considerable stir and was "disowned" by the German Government. "Germany, Prepare for War" (also disowned), has just been published in this country.



SIR CHARLES WINGFIELD.

Appointed Minister at the Vatican, in succession to Sir Robert Clive (Ambassador-designate to Tokyo); February 23. British Minister at Oslo. Has served in Tokyo, Madrid, Brussels, Rome, Vienna, and Bangkok.



PROFESSOR ERIC PEET.

The famous Egyptologist. Professor of Egyptology at Oxford. Died February 22; aged fifty-one. Took the Craven Fellowship, 1906. Author of several articles of the greatest interest on Ancient Egypt published in this paper.



MAJOR-GENERAL C. M. WAGSTAFF.

Commandant of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Died February 21; aged fifty-five. Served with "Anzacs" at Gallipoli. Later attached to the American Army.



M. FRANÇOIS DESCAMPS.

The famous boxing manager and trainer. Died February 22; aged fifty-eight. Trained Carpentier during his brilliant career and successive victories over Billy Wells, Beckett, Smith, Cook, and other champions. Began as a professor of physical culture in a French village.



THE DEATH OF A NOTED DOVER FIGURE: SIR WILLIAM CRUNDALL, THIRTEEN TIMES MAYOR.

Sir William Crundall, who was thirteen times Mayor of Dover, died on February 25; aged eighty-seven. He became Chairman of the Dover Harbour Board in 1906. In this, as always in a public capacity, he was an advocate of the progressive policy. In business, he was governing director of William Crundall and Co., Ltd.



THE ITALO-HUNGARIAN RAPPROCHEMENT: SIGNOR SUVICH, SPEAKING BEFORE THE MICROPHONE (LEFT), WITH GENERAL GOEMBOES, THE HUNGARIAN PREMIER, AT BUDAPEST.

Considerable importance was attached to the visit of Signor Suvich, Italian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to Hungary on February 21. On his arrival in Budapest he stated that, "while rejoicing at finding himself once more in Hungary, he regretted that it was not the greater Hungary, but only a mutilated one." Italy is credited with planning a close economic union with Austria, and Hungary.

THE SIXTH DROUGHT IN TWELVE MONTHS— EXAMPLES OF THE DISTRESS IN COUNTRY



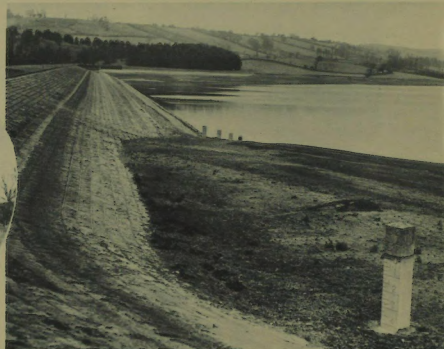
THE WATER SHORTAGE AT ALTON, HANTS: FARMERS AT THE MARKET-PLACE HYDRANT FILLING TANKS, BROUGHT BY MOTOR-CAR, AT A CHARGE OF 1S. PER 500 GALLONS.



THIRLMERE, 15 FT. BELOW NORMAL: ONE OF THE SUPPLIES FOR MANCHESTER, WHICH, ALTHOUGH 6,000,000 GALLONS SHORT OF NORMAL SUPPLIES, HAD TO "LEND" UP TO 8,000,000 GALLONS A DAY TO LIVERPOOL, WHOSE PLIGHT WAS EVEN WORSE.



THE WATER-WHEEL OF A VILLAGE MILL HIGH AND DRY: THE DRIED-UP BED OF THE RIVER FANG AT BUCKLEBURY, BERKS, WHERE THE DROUGHT HAS BEEN ACUTE.



THE WATER FAMINE MENACE TO BRISTOL: THE REMARKABLY LOW LEVEL OF GLAGDON GROUND INDICATING THE NORMAL



A POOR OUTLOOK FOR SALMON FISHERS: THE LOW LEVEL OF THE RIVER WYE, NEAR BALLINGHAM, SOUTH-EAST OF HEREFORD; SHINGLE BANKS STRETCHING ALMOST HALF-WAY ACROSS.



THE DROUGHT AT UPTON SCUDAMORE, A WILTSHIRE SUPPLIES BROUGHT BY CART FROM

A YEAR OF MOST ABNORMAL DRYNESS: DISTRICTS AND THE MENACE TO THE TOWNS.



THE YARROW RESERVOIR, AT RIVINGTON, LANCs, SO LOW THAT MEN WERE ENGAGED IN CUTTING CHANNELS FOR WHAT LITTLE WATER REMAINED: ONE OF LIVERPOOL'S AUXILIARY SOURCES OF SUPPLY IN A CONDITION WHICH REQUISITED "BORROWING" FROM MANCHESTER.



LAKE IN THE MENDIPS, BRISTOL'S CHIEF SOURCE OF SUPPLY; THE POST IN THE FORE-LEVEL OF THE WATER.



NORMALLY THE BED OF A HEALTHY STREAM: THE RIVER FANG NEAR ITS SOURCE AT BUCKLEBURY, WHERE IT HAS DRIED UP FOR OVER SIX MILES.



BETTER AS A ROAD THAN AS A RIVER: THE DRIED-UP BED OF THE RIVER GRANTA AT BARTLOW, SOME TWELVE MILES SOUTH-EAST OF CAMBRIDGE.

The British Isles, as a whole, have not had a relatively wet month since March 1933, and the loss of rainfall has been accumulating almost continuously since that time. There were in 1933 no fewer than five periods of absolute drought, with durations ranging from sixteen to thirty days, between March and December; and a sixth drought, as severe and as widespread as any, followed in the February just completed. The result was that several towns and many rural districts suffered a very serious water

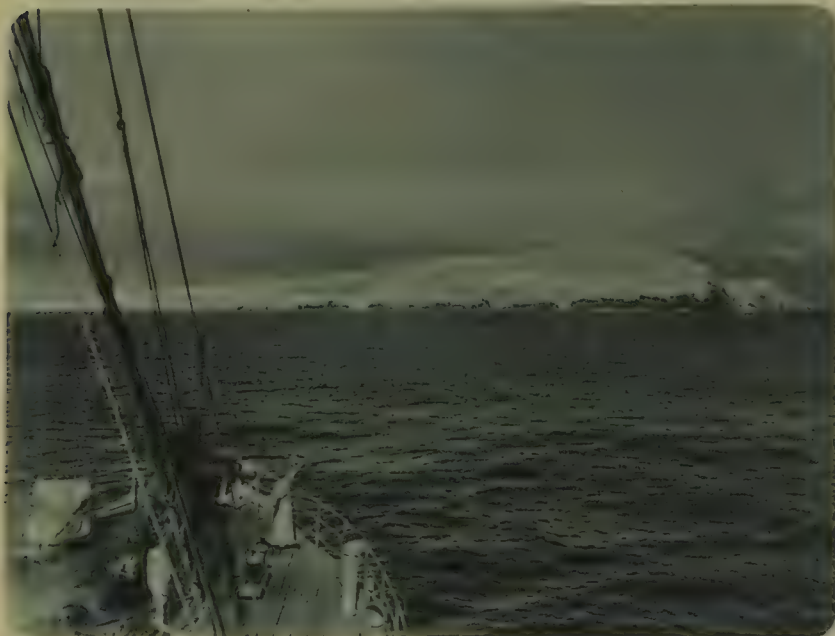
shortage, restrictions had to be enforced at Kettering and elsewhere, and Manchester was compelled to lend from her depleted resources to Liverpool, whose plight was worse. In view of these facts, a Bill was introduced in the Commons on February 22 by the Minister of Health authorising grants (limited to £1,000,000 for the whole country) to assist rural areas to make better provision. Sir Hilton Young announced at the same time that if the drought continued into March special precautionary measures would begin

to be taken and would be applied progressively. At a meeting of the Metropolitan Water Board the following day it was stated that London's water supply was secure for the immediate future, but that there was urgent need for economy and for the active co-operation of every consumer. These pages, with their photographs of dried-up river-beds and almost empty reservoirs, vividly illustrate the distress in the country and the menace to the towns. It is worth recalling that 1921 was the driest year since 1800

in England and Wales, but that 1933 and 1937 were slightly drier over the British Isles as a whole; and these statistics prove how very exceptional the present water shortage is. No drought of modern times, however, has remained acute for much more than twelve months at a stretch; so that if the present one lasts much longer it would be quite unprecedented. At a big meeting of some seven thousand people at the Albert Hall on February 24 the Bishop of London made a public prayer for rain.

THE RE-DISCOVERY OF A "LOST" ISLAND.

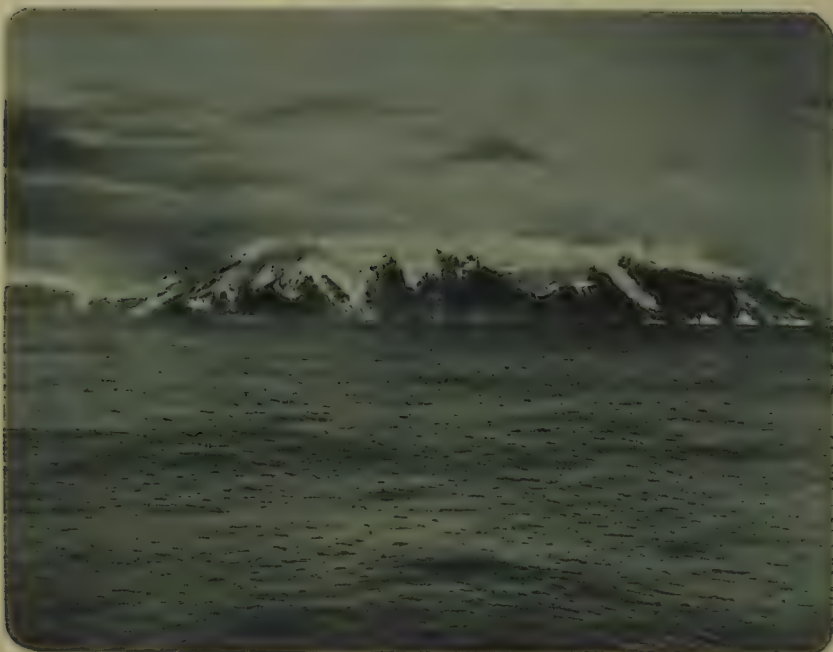
COLONIAL OFFICE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP, "DISCOVERY II."



THE "MYSTERY" ISLE OF THE REMOTE SOUTH ATLANTIC RECENTLY CHARTED BY VICE-ADMIRAL E. R. G. EVANS: BOUVET ISLAND—A VIEW PREVIOUSLY TAKEN FROM THE RESEARCH SHIP, "DISCOVERY II.," SHOWING KAISER WILHELM PEAK.



ICEBERGS OFF CAPE NORWEGIA, IN BOUVET ISLAND: A PICTURESQUE HEADLAND OF THE LONG "LOST" ATLANTIC ISLE NAMED AFTER THE FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER WHO FIRST SIGHTED IT IN 1739.



NO LONGER "DOUBTFUL" ON THE CHARTS: BOUVET ISLAND—ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING CAPE VALDIVIA AND (ON RIGHT) THE ICEBERGS OFF CAPE NORWEGIA SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.

Bouvet Island, in the far South Atlantic, was first discovered by a French naval officer, Pierre Bouvet, in 1739, but was afterwards "lost" for years, and even modern charts have hitherto marked its position as "doubtful." The above photographs were taken from the royal research ship, "Discovery II," during a voyage to the Antarctic. The island's exact position has since been charted recently by Vice-Admiral E. R. G. Evans—famous as "Evans of the 'Broke'"—now Commander-in-Chief of the Africa Station. He left Simonstown, the naval base near Cape Town, on February 15, for a 3000-mile patrol cruise in H.M. Sloop "Milford." His primary object was definitely to locate Bouvet Island. He also intended to survey the southern whaling grounds and possibly touch the Antarctic Continent at a fresh point. When about 1000 miles out on her voyage, the sloop encountered heavy gales, which necessitated "heaving-to," and at first it seemed necessary to return to Simonstown. Fortunately, however, the storms abated and the "Milford" eventually succeeded in reaching Bouvet Island, which was duly charted. Thus the first stage of the cruise was satisfactorily accomplished.

A PEACEFUL CLIMAX TO OUR "HUNGER MARCH."

The long-heralded assemblage in London of unemployed marchers from various parts of the country, culminating in a great mass meeting in Hyde Park, on Sunday, February 25, proved after all to be an exceedingly peaceful affair, partly through excellent arrangements by the police, who were in strong force but unobtrusive, partly, perhaps, on account of the weather, which maintained a depressing drizzle; but there were indications also that the organisers of the demonstration had decided to avoid conflict with authority. Whatever the reason, there was no disturbance in or around the Park, and the only slight trouble occurred as a local workers' section was starting at Canning Town, where three men were arrested. In Hyde Park the crowd, including many sightseers, numbered at first about 50,000, but dwindled considerably later. There were nearly 5000 police at hand, with officers observing from the top of the Marble Arch and a control tower, and elsewhere 3000 Special Constables were on duty. Among the speakers, who harangued the crowd from eight coal-carts as platforms, were Mr. James Maxton, M.P., Mr. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Miss Ellen Wilkinson, and Mrs. Despard. About 5 p.m. a bugle signalled the simultaneous putting of a resolution. Soon the processions re-formed and departed.



PART OF THE ORDERLY CROWD MASSES IN HYDE PARK: DEMONSTRATORS LISTENING TO A SPEECH BY MISS ELLEN WILKINSON (SEEN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND ON ONE OF THE EIGHT COAL-CARTS USED AS PLATFORMS).



THE GREAT MASS MEETING OF UNEMPLOYED "MARCHERS" AND THEIR SUPPORTERS WHICH PASSED OFF WITHOUT THE LEAST DISTURBANCE: QUIESCENT CROWDS AND MOUNTED POLICE WITH LITTLE TO DO.



THE FIRST CONTINGENT OF "HUNGER MARCHERS," BROUGHT FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY, TO ARRIVE IN LONDON: A CHEERY GROUP FROM SCOTLAND AND THE NORTHERN COUNTIES BREAKFASTING AT EDMONTON.

PRINCE GEORGE IN SOUTH AFRICA: H.R.H. TAKING PART IN THE LIFE OF CAPE TOWN.



PRINCE GEORGE (IN WHITE, SALUTING) DRIVING PAST THE UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN, JUST AFTER HAVING LEFT THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RESIDENCE; WITH TABLE MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH THE FREEMASONS OF CAPE TOWN: PRINCE GEORGE (CENTRE) AT A MEETING AT THE BRITISH TEMPLE; STANDING BETWEEN THE DISTRICT GRAND MASTER AND THE DEPUTY DISTRICT GRAND MASTER.



PRINCE GEORGE, ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL SMUTS (LEFT), NEARING THE TOP OF TABLE MOUNTAIN, WHICH HE CLIMBED TO THE SUMMIT: AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE IN THE ROYAL TOUR.



PRINCE GEORGE (CENTRE) AT A GARDEN PARTY GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR BY THE EARL OF CLARENDON (RIGHT), GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA, AND THE COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.



PRINCE GEORGE AT CAPE TOWN RACES; HELD AT MILNERTON, NEAR CAPE TOWN: H.R.H., WEARING A STRAW HAT AND SMOKED GLASSES, MINGLING WITH THE CROWD.



A VISIT TO A TYPICAL OLD DUTCH FARM NEAR STELLENBOSCH: PRINCE GEORGE (RIGHT) IN THE FARM-YARD AT SCHOONGEZICHT, A FARM BUILT IN 1814 WHICH USED TO BELONG TO THE LATE JOHN X. MERRIMAN.

Prince George arrived at Cape Town in the "Carnarvon Castle" on his first visit to South Africa at dawn on February 5, and was given an enthusiastic popular welcome. His is the first official royal visit to the Union since the Prince of Wales's tour in 1925. The present King and Queen went there in 1901. For the first week his Royal Highness stayed at Westbrooke, the residence of the Governor-General, Lord Clarendon, at Rondebosch. Our photographs show his full participation in the life of Cape Town before he left on his 4000-mile tour of South

Africa on February 13—at parties, at the races, climbing Table Mountain, and so on. One of his Royal Highness's companions on this climb was General Smuts, who pointed out the various wild flowers, on which he is expert, and showed him the panorama of the country into which he has now travelled. Prince George came down again by the aerial cable-car, but General Smuts, who, it is said, "scorns this cableway," walked down. The old Dutch farm of Schoongezicht once belonged to John Xavier Merriman, the famous South African statesman.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE INEQUALITY OF THE SEXES: SOME ASTONISHING BEETLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

NOT long ago I gave a brief account on this page of the life-history of our dor-beetle, and naturally compared this with its distinguished relative, the scarab, made famous by the ancient Egyptians. In doing this I did a dreadful thing—I made a mistake! But, after all, I am only human. My old friend and late colleague at the British Museum of Natural History, however, who has spent almost a lifetime in the study of beetles, wrote to admonish me for this fall from grace. I said that the male scarab was larger and more powerfully built than the female. I cannot imagine how I got this conception into my head, for it is quite wrong—the two sexes are indistinguishable so far as their external appearance goes. I ought to have known better, of course. But so sure was I at the time about the matter that I saw no occasion to appeal to the authority of books.

However, my attention having been drawn to this lapse, I began to inquire more deeply into this matter of the difference between the sexes among beetles in regard to size and shape. As a result, I unearthed some really astonishing facts, now to be passed in review. There are, as we all know directly we begin to think about the subject, differences of this kind quite as remarkable among many groups of the animal kingdom. But the fact that many show a striking uniformity between the sexes, so that the one can be distinguished from the other only after careful examination, makes these outstanding types all the more interesting. Furthermore, this interest inevitably raises the question as to the meaning of these differences, and here opinions are at variance.

Darwin long ago, in his "Descent of Man," drew attention to this problem, stressing the difficulties of its interpretation. And those who have followed in his wake have really been no more successful. Before going further it would be best to turn to the accompanying photographs, which show at a glance

the astonishing differences which may obtain between the male and the female in some species of beetles in regard to their antennæ, jaws, and legs. Those selected for my present purpose show quite exceptional developments, but there are many others which display scarcely less exaggerated differences.

Let me take first the long-armed "chafer" (*Euchirus longimanus*), first found by Alfred Russel Wallace in Amboyna during his collecting expedition to the Malay Archipelago. "This extraordinary insect," he remarks, "is rarely or never captured, except when it comes to drink the sap of the sugar-palms, where it is found by the natives when they go early in the morning to take away the bamboos

which have been filled during the night." It is described as of a sluggish habit, pulling itself lazily along by means of its immense fore-legs. But he does not tell us whether females are also taken at these bamboo collecting-jars. The female may be described as "just an ordinary beetle," for it presents no feature whatever which seems to call for comment. The male, by the way, presents yet another peculiarity, for it can produce a curious hissing sound, made as it crawls by the protrusion and contraction of the abdomen. And when taken in the hand it gives forth a grating noise, by rubbing the hind-legs against the edges of the wing-cases, which have a granulated margin, while the surface of the leg opposed to the wing-case is much roughened. But there seems to be no relation between these sound-producing mechanisms and the enormous length of the legs.

Still more astonishing are the fore-legs of the Harlequin beetle (*Acrocinus longimanus*), a South American species. Herein they are more than three times the length of the body, hence in the photograph and in entomological cabinets they have to be shown folded back upon themselves, as they are when the insect is resting. Here again the female shows no similar development. But besides this the antennæ are also of inordinate length, and have to be shown folded backwards, for they are more than twice the length of the body.

developed along a line of its own, producing the singular mandibles seen in Fig. 2, for they are quite unlike those of any other beetle. The female, it will be noticed, has quite short jaws. But the male differs yet further from the female in having much longer and more slender legs. And this is especially true of the front pair. Finally, his antennæ are about three times as long as those of the female.

Here, then, we have some arresting



1. AN EAST INDIAN BEETLE WHICH HISSES AND MAKES A GRATING SOUND BY RUBBING THE HIND-LEGS AGAINST THE WING-CASES: THE MALE LONG-HANDED EUCHIRUS (*EUCHIRUS LONGIMANUS*); A SPECIES WHICH OFFERS AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF SEXUAL DIMORPHISM; THE MALE HAVING THE EXTRAORDINARILY LONG FRONT LEGS SEEN HERE, AND THE FEMALE NOTHING REMARKABLE ABOUT HER APPEARANCE.



2. AN OUTSTANDING CASE OF "SEXUAL DIMORPHISM"—DIFFERENCE IN SIZE BETWEEN THE TWO SEXES: THE MALE LONG-JAWED STAG-BEETLE (*CHIASOGNATHUS GRANTI*) OF CHILE; AND (INSET) THE SMALLER FEMALE, SHOWN ON A RATHER LARGER SCALE.

The jaws of this Chilean species differ profoundly from those of our stag beetle, not merely in their shape, which is like a pair of curved forceps, but in their great length. The jaws of other male stag-beetles are used in fighting their rivals, but in this species they seem too slender for this purpose.

The stag beetles, of which more than eight hundred species are known, are remarkable not only for the large size of their jaws, but also for the wide range which they present in the matter of their shape. Furthermore, they present very striking individual differences in size—a fact which has attracted considerable attention among zoologists at large, as well as among those who have to confine their attention to beetles only. The jaws of our own stag beetle are too well known to need description here. But *Chiasognathus granti* (Fig. 2) is a species which has



3. A HARLEQUIN BEETLE OF EXTRAVAGANT AND UNGAINLY FORM: *ACROCINUS LONGIMANUS*, WITH FRONT LEGS (HERE SEEN FOLDED BACK ON THEMSELVES) OFTEN MORE THAN THREE TIMES, AND ANTENNÆ MORE THAN TWICE, THE LENGTH OF THE BODY.

examples of what is called "sexual dimorphism." That is to say, of cases where the sexes differ conspicuously either in colour, size, or structure. Instances of this kind can, of course, be cited by the hundred. The discrepancy in size and coloration shown by our sparrow-hawk must be familiar to everyone. But it is one thing to note the discrepancy and quite another to explain how or why it has come about. As I have already remarked, no sort of explanation is forthcoming as touching the extraordinary length of the fore-legs of the Harlequin beetle or of *Euchirus*. The mystery will perhaps be solved some day, when one or other of these can be kept under observation for a prolonged period.

We are, however, in a somewhat better position in regard to the jaws of the stag beetles and the extraordinary "horns" of the Hercules beetles, of which I hope to have something to say in the near future. But as touching the tribe of stag beetles, though the evidence is somewhat conflicting, it has been established beyond doubt that in our own stag beetle and some others they are used in fighting rival males. For such fights have been described to me, arranged by naughty schoolboys, who each backed his own favourite. Their descriptions were most amusing. The combatants, however, thanks, perhaps, to the density of their armour, never seem to suffer damage. They simply fought till they were exhausted. Whether the long and very slender jaws of *Chiasognathus* are thus used does not seem to be known.

If in all cases they function as weapons, we have a clue to their size as between different species, since they would increase by use. But this will not explain their very great diversity of shape.



THE ACROPOLIS, WEAKENED BY RAIN, TO BE STRENGTHENED WITH CEMENT.

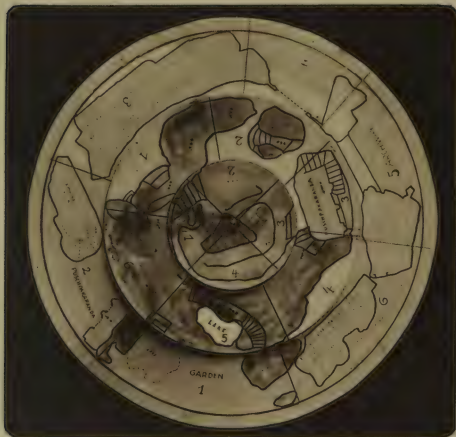
THE Acropolis of Athens, with its priceless temples and historical monuments, is in danger. During a recent storm a boulder weighing several tons was torn away from the north side of the rock and rolled down the hill. Alarmed at this occurrence, the authorities appointed a commission to examine the stability of the rock. A Reuter message states that its report makes it clear that rain-water has entered the rock by various fissures and has eaten it away at many points. Further falls of rock are thought possible, and it is feared that the walls of the Acropolis may be undermined. To fight against this danger, it is proposed to fill the fissures with cement and to introduce a new drainage system to dispose of the water. It appears that the foundations of the Temple of the Wingless Victory have also been giving rise to anxiety. The soil underneath will probably have to be reinforced. If necessary, the whole temple will be temporarily taken down. The Acropolis, which rises abruptly on limestone cliffs, was in early times a citadel and the seat of the King's palace; later it was devoted chiefly to the worship of the gods.



ENDANGERED BY RAIN-WATER WHICH ENTERS THE ROCK BY A NUMBER OF FISSURES AND IS TO BE COUNTERED WITH CEMENT AND A NEW DRAINAGE SYSTEM: THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS; LOOKING TOWARDS PIRÆUS.



THE ROCK WHOSE STABILITY IS THREATENED—BEARING SOME OF THE MOST PRECIOUS RELICS OF ANTIQUITY: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS (FROM THE SOUTH-WEST) SHOWING THE PARTHENON IN THE CENTRE, AND (ON THE LEFT) THE PANDROSEUM, WITH ITS FAMOUS CARYATID PORCH.



1. A PLAN OF THE COLISEUM'S TRIPLE REVOLVING STAGE, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF SOME SCENES FOR "THE GOLDEN TOY," INCLUDING THE HOUSES OF THE HEROINE, VASANTASENA, AND PRINCE CARUDATTA (SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 4).

IN "The Golden Toy," the new spectacular piece announced for production at the Coliseum on February 28, full use has been made for the first time of the great triple revolving stage installed at that theatre when it was opened nearly thirty years ago. At that time the presentation of a real horse-race on the stage made a great sensation. It was shown by horses galloping against the direction of the 75-foot moving turntable. That



5. PART OF THE ACTUAL REVOLVING STAGE, WHOSE SIZE IS INDICATED BY THE TWO MEN NEAR THE CENTRE: A SCENE INCLUDING A ROCK FIGURE OF BUDDHA (RIGHT FOREGROUND), WITH A PAINTED BACKGROUND OF A CITY.

particular act was brought to an end by an accident, and since then the turntable has only been used as an aid to rapid changes of scene. It is possible to erect on it six different sets, ready to be swung round into the proscenium opening as required. Until now, however, the device had never been employed in its complete form. "It has been left to a visiting German producer, Dr. Ludwig Berger," said a writer in the "Daily Telegraph" a few days ago, "to discover the full potentialities of the complex mechanism installed in 1905 to work what remains the biggest revolving stage in the world. Dr. Berger, on his arrival from Berlin, found that the revolving portion consisted not of a single disc, but of three independent portions—a centre and two outer rings. Hitherto all three have been kept locked to one another. Now it emerges that they are capable of simultaneous but

THE FIRST FULL USE OF THE REVOLVING FILM-LIKE FREQUENCY OF SCENIC CHANGE



2. PART OF THE REVOLVING STAGE AT THE COLISEUM AS ARRANGED WITH SCENES FOR "THE GOLDEN TOY," INCLUDING NO. 5 (TOP RIGHT), DESCRIBED ON THE PLAN (PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1) AS AN ARCHWAY.

Independent movement, controllable both as to speed and direction. Yesterday I stood on the stage, set with a remarkable diversity of rocks, grassy swards, Indian temples and trees, for the forthcoming production of 'The Golden Toy' while it was put through its paces. The combination of effects which can be produced is remarkable, while the motorist will be irresistibly reminded of a huge working model of a silent-change gear-box!" The architects and designers for the new production were Herr Rudolf Bamberger, who made designs for a notable film on German cathedrals, and Herr F. Winckler-Tannenberg, who did the architectural setting for "Mädchen in Uniform." We have been supplied with the following note in reference to their work for "The Golden Toy": "The task of designing the decorations has been specially interesting, as the revolving stage at the Coliseum is unique of its kind. Three revolving stages, two of which move round a central disc,



6. IN THE "CONTROL ROOM" OF THE BIG TRIPLE REVOLVING STAGE AT THE COLISEUM: THE OPERATOR AT THE COMPLICATED SWITCHBOARD WATCHING LIGHT SIGNALS APPEARING ON AN INDICATOR TO SHOW THE POSITIONS OF THE MOVING PLATFORMS.

STAGE INSTALLED AT THE COLISEUM IN 1905. STAGE FOR THE PRODUCTION OF "THE GOLDEN TOY."



3. THE MACHINERY THAT WORKS THE BIGGEST REVOLVING STAGE IN THE WORLD: MECHANISM INSTALLED AT THE COLISEUM IN 1905, BUT NEVER USED TO ITS FULL CAPACITY TILL NOW.

make possible the employment of moving scenery, affording facilities for an unlimited number of scenic changes with the curtain up. In 'The Golden Toy' these open changes of scene are of the greatest importance, as one picture fades into the next in cinema fashion. By making full use of the technical capacity of the three revolving stages, it is possible to show forty different scenes. On an ordinary stage such frequent changes would involve long intervals. For this production, model stages and stage plans, very similar to, maps, had to be designed. Each ring carries from five to ten different decorations. The revolving movements, therefore, produce several hundred stage pictures." Describing the transformation made at the Coliseum for the purpose of the new play, Mr. Hubert Griffith writes: "Gone are the Tyrolese casements that garnished the front of the houses and the auditorium in 'White Horse Inn.' Gone are the Venetian galleries that framed



7. ANOTHER SCENE ON THE TRIPLE REVOLVING STAGE AT THE COLISEUM AS ARRANGED FOR THE PURPOSES OF "THE GOLDEN TOY": A VIEW FROM THE FRONT OF THE STAGE, SHOWING CITY TOWERS ON A PAINTED BACKGROUND.



4. A STAGE MODEL OF THE COLISEUM'S REVOLVING STAGE WITH VARIOUS SCENES FOR "THE GOLDEN TOY": A VIEW SHOWING CARUDATTA'S HOUSE (IN CENTRE FOREGROUND) AND VASANTASENA'S HOUSE (UPPER RIGHT) IN POSITIONS SHOWN FOR THE PLAY (NO. 3).

'Casanova.' The decoration is now Indian-Persian-Arabian, with gigantic plaster Buddhas looking down from the boxes on to the stage." For the purposes of spectacular production, it is said, Dr. Berger found the Coliseum stage to be one of the finest—if not the finest—in the world. He was given *carte blanche* by Sir Oswald Stoll in devising the entertainment. "The Golden



8. WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE SCENIC DECORATIONS FOR "THE GOLDEN TOY": THE UPPER PART OF THE GREAT REVOLVING STAGE AT THE COLISEUM, WITH ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PAINTED BACKCLOTH REPRESENTING A CITY.

Toy." Dr. Berger has pointed out, is not a musical comedy, but a play with music, which is all taken from Schumann. The plot is a simple fairy-tale founded on an old Indian story, "The Toy Cart." The hero is a young prince, who was kidnapped at birth, a butcher's son being substituted for him in the cradle, and the heroine a temple dancing girl. The author of the play is Herr Carl Zuckmayer, a well-known German dramatist, who has collaborated with Mr. Dion Tivadar, the English adapter. The cast includes Miss Peggy Ashcroft as Vasantasena, the heroine; Mr. Ion Swinley as Prince Carudatta; Miss Nellie Wallace as an old nurse; and Mr. Lupino Lane as a Court barber. The whole company numbers over 200, and more than 500 people were employed in making costumes and scenery.

COURTESY PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRÉDÉRIC DELIUS.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

YVONNE C'EST LE PRINTEMPS.

I COULD not resist the little *jeu de mot* in the title, for it describes so exactly the sensation created by Yvonne Printemps at His Majesty's in Noel Coward's delightful Georgian idyll, "Conversation Piece." No sooner had she made her entry and babbled a few words in exquisite French and delightfully exotic English than we fell under the spell of her charm, her personality, above all her voice. In Noel Coward's most dulcet melody, that will anon be heard in streets and lanes, she sang of the secret of her heart. She sang it in *piano* tenderness, but with such expression that long before the last note had vanished we all felt something indescribable. We have no such harp-like voice among our actresses; we have no one that melodises every word. It was as if the spring of life had descended on us, young and old, and around me I heard several people exclaim in their ecstasy, "Oh, how beautiful!" For the ring of nature had touched all hearts. After that a tumult of applause, never ceasing when she appeared in dance and song, until she herself made the "break" in her tears before the curtain—not theatre tears these, but genuine ones squeezed from the heart of one overjoyed and overwhelmed by her welcome in the strange land—now, perhaps, to be hers for a long spell. For in older days the French poet said: "*Chacun a deux pays, le sien et puis la France*," whereas nowadays the verdict of the world is: England is the adoptive country of artists and refugees.

The success of Yvonne Printemps was not unexpected by those who were familiar with her Sacha creations; with her raw beginnings under the sway of the master who became her husband; with her marvellous *épanchement*—there's no English equivalent!—in Mozart and in that Napoleon III. play which once and for all stamped her as the greatest light *comédienne* in France. Yvonne's greatest gift is not her volatile intellect, extraordinary in itself, but the deep understanding which she bestows on every line, on every word, not forgetting every gesture. Her laughter rings from the brain, her tears ripple from her heart, though she never abuses them; she knows exactly where the inflection of the word should outweigh the tear-drop; that she has learned from Sacha, and more intensely from Guity *père* ("*celui qui avait raison*") and was the greatest master of stage-craft of modern times. The penetration of this trenchant insight in the value of words, and especially their utterance in chiselled finish, is the secret of Yvonne Printemps' success not only in France, but also in English, a language which, in brief and assiduous study, she has learned not as a parrot, but as a philological student, adoring the rhythm and the idiosyncrasies of an alien idiom. True, you can never turn a French woman (or man) into an English one, or *vice versa*; but as near as you can get, Yvonne Printemps reaches her goal. Her English is no longer broken; it is merely perfumed with the fragrance of a delectable odour of exotic extraction.

When all is said, the greatest power of Yvonne, apart from the plaint and the love-note in her voice, lies in her silent acting, her perfect mimodrama. In "Conversation Piece" there are many scenes in which she has little to say, but a good deal to express. Behold her doing it, in an attitude, with a wink, with a smile, with a twist of her graceful hands, with the raising of the brow, with a curve of the lips, with a naughty-boyish sneer, aye, a little finger spreading a fan from the tip of her nose. All these things, single or in syncopation, speak volumes and tend to concentrate the audience's attention on the artist. It is in these details, this decorated fretwork, that lies the supremacy of Yvonne Printemps. Except Marie Tempest, not one of our actresses has at her command this absolute control of the magic of words and gesture. Primordially, the difference is racial and difficult to inoculate, but if our young players would only learn and practise one tithe of this priceless dower of, as it were, "wireless transmission," our standard would decidedly

be heightened, and, for one thing, the abomination of mincing and mouthing would be discarded as a thing vile and unworthy of an art devoted essentially to the cult of word and sound. Meanwhile, London worships at the feet of one of the loveliest women France has ever sent us, and we all owe once more a debt of gratitude to that great master of revels, C. B. Cochran, for turning an experiment into a triumph.

FORM AND FORMULA.

The qualities of form are creative, for they are the inevitable expression of the thing conceived. It is this

in the speech. So the action grows and the mood pervades, till we are caught up in its movement. There are passages, too, where emotion grows lyrical, just as there are phases where the action steps out of naturalism into symbolism. And while I pay my tribute to the play as a vital work, let me add my tribute to its production and performance. That there are moments when the impression is blurred cannot be denied, and the interpreters must share the responsibilities with the playwright; yet these very moments have in them the seeds of potential life. It is when the playwright is most perplexing that he is venturing forth into fresh modes of dramatic expression. He is searching to express universal truths, and to go beyond meticulous photography. Language becomes impregnated with poetic vision, and conversation becomes something deeper in content than dialogue. Analysis may critically discover both where imagination halts and where interpretation fails, but in this opus we have drama woven from the stuff of life, expressing itself vitally and significantly in a form that is essentially part of its theme.

How different is the work of that other Irish playwright, Mr. George Shiel, in his "Paul Twynning," at the Little! Constructed on purely conventional lines, it serves as a vehicle for the Irish Players to repeat the manner of their former work. The manner without the spirit; because these figures, cut to a familiar pattern, behaving in a familiar fashion, have little independent life, apart from that which actors can give to them. Form here has hardened into formula, and not all the exuberance of the players can do more than fill the stage with the extravagance of farce. Farce can have points and caricature can add the sparkle of witticism, but this material is too threadbare with a gloss not of texture, but of wear. It has its merits as entertainment, because the craftsmanship is accomplished and the performance is spirited, and such a happy association is proof against dullness.

Only formula lies behind the hectic and violent movement of "Success Story," by Mr. John Howard Lawson, at the Cambridge. Skilful manipulation of events provides a story in a fevered atmosphere of finance and frantic emotionalism. Spates of words flood out with hysterical energy as passions mount, and to focus the melodrama round a pivotal centre we get a portrait of Sol Ginsburg, ruthless in his greed. Yet these are only simulated patterns, for though we may be interested in the gyrations of the plot, and interested in the performers' ingenuities to establish a sympathy with their characterisations, we are never convinced. It is a detached enjoyment for manipulative skill, and even in this praise is qualified, because effects are often robbed of their theatrical impacts by too much verbosity.

There is no verbosity in Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," now at the Old Vic, for this praiseworthy revival discovers again not only lively characterisation, full of edge in itself, but emphasises the delicious wit of the writing. Period gives it a flavour, and Miss Molly MacArthur's designs are more than decoration, because the costumes support the portraits. The glitter of the piece remains untarnished, because its creation was that of spontaneous combustion.

Above, I have already discussed the personality and the performance of Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, with all its enchanting grace, and I will add only a word more on this "Conversation Piece." Here again you have the artist at work; this time with light, airy gossamer—and how delightfully he employs it! The whole stage is in harmony—scene and dresses, story and performance. It bubbles with effervescent glee; with mockery and mischief. It deftly draws its figures, explicitly and persuasively making them part of the evening's pattern. It embellishes its anecdote with captivating song, and adds charm to inconsequence by its picturesque Regency setting. It achieves with a masterly ease its purpose: to provide at once a frame to disclose the witchery of Mlle. Printemps and an entertainment full of unsullied delights.



YVONNE PRINTEMPS, WHO IS PLAYING THE PART OF MÉLANIE IN NOEL COWARD'S "CONVERSATION PIECE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: A GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS WHO HAS ACHIEVED A BRILLIANT SUCCESS IN AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING PART.

Yvonne Printemps, though she has, of course, appeared on the stage in England before, had not taken an English-speaking part, or acted in an English play in this country, until she made such a brilliant success of the part of Mélanie in "Conversation Piece," just produced with Noel Coward playing opposite her, as the Duc de Chaucigny-Varennes. This makes her achievement doubly remarkable; while her singing, particularly of the song "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" in "Conversation Piece," is also acknowledged to be of singular beauty and charm.

Portrait by Bertram Park.

expressive feature that gives Mr. Sean O'Casey's play, "Within the Gates," at the Royalty, its distinction. Here we have a playwright feeling so intensely, and shaping his imagination so vividly, that the theme itself takes life; not the life born of argument, where intellect challenges and provokes, but the deeper current moved by emotion and controlled by artistic perception. The substance of the drama is a violent attack on the shams, fears, and foibles of modern civilisation, and had that not passed through the sieve of a creative mind, it would have ended in a pamphlet or an exhortation. But Mr. O'Casey possesses that rare gift which transforms, and so we are not dragooned by dogmatic assertion. We watch and listen. There is significance in the scene—the park is a picture of a world—and there is a rhythm

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whose introduction was fiercely denounced by Wordsworth and Ruskin, but which has now, we venture to think, taken on a picturesqueness all its own. In the other the farm goes sleepily about its business.

GLORIANA.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"QUEEN ELIZABETH": By J. E. NEALE.

(PUBLISHED BY CAPE.)

"LET tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you . . . not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England too."

So, after the Armada, spoke Elizabeth, in one of those opportune flashes of rhetoric of which she was so accomplished a mistress; and during the thirty years that she had then reigned she had amply justified her claim. She stands out from this penetrating study as not only the most remarkable woman, but perhaps the most remarkable sovereign, who has ever occupied the English throne. Mr. Neale has very wisely focussed all his attention upon her, resisting the many temptations which the Elizabethan era offers for excursions into By-Path Meadow. This is not to say that his book, as a picture of the period, lacks proportion—on the contrary, nothing essential to an understanding of Elizabeth's world is neglected. But the author's main preoccupation is with the government and character of the Queen herself, and our gaze is never diverted from her. Other members of the cast have excellent parts, but *Gloriana* is always the star, and her influence is felt even when she is off the stage. The book also has a strangely moving quality; our hearts are quickened with sympathy for a woman who discharged a harassing task with such resource and such endurance. Indeed, Mr. Neale has in some measure brought us under the spell which Elizabeth exercised over her own contemporaries; we should still—all of us who have one romantic chord left to vibrate—fling down our cloaks in the mud that Elizabeth's feet should not be sullied, and we should do it not so much because she was a queen as because she was a gallant woman.

After all Henry's vain efforts to provide the throne with a male

to the throne under an immense handicap, and a false step might easily have fulfilled (as it did in the case of Mary Queen of Scots) all the vaticinations of John Knox; indeed, almost at once her womanliness nearly brought her to grief with Dudley. But, as Professor Neale shows, her sex, of which so much ill was foreboded, became, when it was combined with a high intelligence, great shrewdness, and remarkable physical health, the very bulwark of her reign. "It is difficult to convey a proper appreciation of this amazing Queen, so keenly intelligent, so effervescent, so intimate, so imperious and regal. She intoxicated Court and country, keyed her realm to the intensity of her own spirit. No one but a woman could have done it, and no woman without her superlative gifts could have attempted it without disaster. In part instinctive, it was also conscious and deliberate." And again: "Thus, by a paradox, sex, having created a problem, itself solved it, and the reign was turned into an idyll, a fine but artificial comedy of young men—and old men—in love. Being without precedent, it was a little shocking to the unimaginative—it still is; but it secured service, which it was a monarch's function to do, and charged service with emotion, which it was Elizabeth's desire to do. Her genius rose to the game." Is it still "a little shocking"? If it is, it is certainly still an idyll; and a good many idylls, when closely examined with a severe eye, are a little shocking. Perhaps that is no small part of their charm.

In the best sense, Elizabeth "traded on her sex" from first to last.

the product of her abounding vitality. She could rise terrible from her throne and wither the Polish Ambassador with fierce, impromptu Latin; but she could tickle Leicester's neck when he was bowed ceremonially before



AN INTERESTING PERSONAL IMPRESSION OF ELIZABETH: A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING NOW PRESERVED IN THE PRINT ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



A FINE PAINTING OF "GLORIANA": THE PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH IN THE ACCADEMIA DI BELLE ARTI, SIENA.

her, and she could box the ears of Essex when he was insolent. She could write tender words of comfort when she chose, for she had a quick feminine sympathy for suffering and affliction; but her expletives in moments of surprise or vexation were the "good mouth-filling oaths" which Hotspur (perhaps with the Queen as an amused spectator) demanded of his wife. To the end of her days, all the greatest and gravest in the realm were known to her by nicknames. She was one of the most original monarchs who has ever lived—in the vernacular, a "character."

She must have been a trial to her counsellors sometimes, and no doubt they often muttered those clichés about woman's inconstancy which are men's favourite way of asserting their own conspicuous constancy. But, apart from the perplexing marriage question, her vacillations were chiefly due to the promptings of mercy. As a girl who had herself been in serious danger of death for treason, she had seen, under her half-sister's rule, the hideous nightmare of tyranny and intolerance. Violent measures were detestable to her, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that she could bring herself to send to the block high offenders like Norfolk

and Essex, who, according to the standards of the time, were unquestionably guilty. As for Mary, it is too much to suppose that Elizabeth ever had any regard for her—indeed, that unfortunate and incredibly foolish woman had done little to earn the regard of anybody. Yet Elizabeth showed extraordinary patience with her; at any moment, by raising her finger, she could have sent to the scaffold a woman who was openly plotting against her, was a notorious adulteress, and was under accusation, in the country from which she had fled, of complicity in an extremely sordid murder. Elizabeth refrained, not only from mercy (and perhaps contempt), but from policy. She knew how ugly and how unpopular would be the execution of her own kindred, and she knew how easily worthless persons may become sanctified martyrs. She was right. Even the present biographer seems to write of the execution of Mary in terms of apology, as for some horrid deed. A melancholy necessity it was: but it is difficult to see what other course was open to Elizabeth.

There was no rest for this indomitable woman, and she asked for none. For twenty-seven years she kept her

[Continued on page 340.]



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS: A TRAGIC FIGURE, WHOM, PROFESSOR NEALE POINTS OUT, ELIZABETH DID HER BEST TO SAVE FROM EXECUTION.

Reproduced from a Painting in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

heir, England trembled at the prospect of a woman ruler; and Bloody Mary and her foreign husband soon showed that the fear had not been without cause. Elizabeth came

Did she ever really wish or intend to marry any of her numerous suitors? Leicester doubtless stirred her more than any other, and he never entirely forfeited her affection, though he often sorely tried it, even to the point of treachery; but an ultimate, irreducible prudence saved her from committing a mistake which might have been as disastrous as Mary's ruinous alliance with Darnley. There is no reason to suppose that she did not desire marriage, and there is every reason to suppose that she desired a male heir to settle the ever-threatening question of the succession. Certain ingenious physiological theories have been advanced to explain her celibacy; Mr. Neale passes the right judgment on them by ignoring them. She must have become aware at an early stage that there was practically no marriage which she could contract without the danger of infinite complications. Probably she temporised even with herself; and in the meantime she gained, whether deliberately or not, two advantages—first, the fact that she was a great prize which attracted every eligible prince and enhanced the prestige of England abroad; and second, the half-romantic apotheosis which, from time immemorial, has been accorded to virginity. The frequent suggestions which have been made of looseness in her own behaviour will not bear examination. Her slanderers have misapprehended as amatory dalliance what was often a mere game of language—a fine, exuberant sport, brought by the Elizabethans to a pitch which we have never recovered; and much stupid misunderstanding has been caused by failure to realise that in the sixteenth century the word "love" had a far more general significance than it has to-day. It must never be forgotten that Elizabeth was a woman not only of great dignity, but of high spirits—



"THE LADY ELIZABETH," AGED ABOUT THIRTEEN (I.E., IN ABOUT 1546)—A PAINTING IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

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OFTEN MISCALLED "MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS": A PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN.

This very interesting picture, which is in the National Gallery, to which the National Portrait Gallery lent it, is of the sixteenth-century French School. The name of the painter is unknown. As

to the sitter, she also provides a problem. This likeness of her has been published as a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, which the authorities of the National Portrait Gallery assure us it is not.

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THE GOLDEN BOWL FOUND AT RAS SHAMRA: A VESSEL WITH EXQUISITE REPOUSSÉ DECORATION, INCLUDING A LION-HUNTING SCENE (SHOWN, INVERTED, ON THE LOWER LEFT NEAR THE RIM)—A DISCOVERY OF OUTSTANDING IMPORTANCE. (ACTUAL SIZE.)



ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE GOLDEN BOWL SEEN IN THE COLOUR REPRODUCTION ABOVE: A SIDE VIEW OF THE VESSEL (INVERTED), SHOWING THE LION-HUNT SCENE IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND, NEAR THE RIM. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

Masterpieces in Goldware by some "Benvenuto Cellini" of the Ancient East: a Golden Bowl and Patra of the 14th Century B.C., Found at Ras Shamra.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR CLAUDE F. A. SCHAEFFER, ASSOCIATE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM OF NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES, ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, AND DIRECTOR OF THE FRENCH ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO RAS SHAMRA. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

WE reproduce here, in their actual colour, two wonderful examples of ancient goldware, dating from the fourteenth century B.C., recently found at Ras Shamra, on the Syrian coast, during the fifth season of excavations conducted by Professor Claude Schaeffer. Earlier discoveries there, also of high importance, have been illustrated in our pages in five previous numbers. The bowl, which was quite intact, measures 17 centimetres in diameter. It is entirely covered with repoussé reliefs, finished with very fine engraving. The chief section of decoration, nearest the rim, shows a series of human and animal figures. The most interesting portion is that representing a lion-hunt. The lion is seen near a stag laid on the ground as bait, and is being attacked by two hunters. One is driving a spear into the lion's breast, and the other a dagger into its flank. The forest setting is indicated by formalised trees and birds. Other scenes show lions leaping on antelopes or wild bulls. There are also fabulous

creatures, such as a griffin, a winged lion with bull's horns, and a sphinx beside the Sacred Tree. The gold patera, 19 centimetres in diameter, has raised edges like Egyptian plates of the 18th Dynasty. In the central circle are four ibexes, vigorously rendered, moving round the solar disc and sustaining it with their horns. Surrounding this circle is a superb design representing a hunter, standing in a chariot drawn by a pair of high-mettled stallions, drawing a great bow at an ibex and wild bull fleeing before him. The bull covers the retreat of a cow and calf. In front of the cow, again, is another bull, butting the back wheels of the chariot. Behind the chariot runs a hound. These two vessels, Professor Schaeffer considers, are of local origin, but owe much to the influence of Assyria, Cyprus, Egypt, and Mycenæ. They are among the oldest and finest examples of Phœnician art hitherto known. The modelling of the animals, on the patera especially, rivals the best work surviving from the Ancient East.



THE PATERA (PLATE) FOUND ALONG WITH THE BOWL AT RAS SHAMRA: ANOTHER VESSEL OF SOLID GOLD, DECORATED WITH A HUNTING SCENE OF EXTRAORDINARY VIGOUR AND MOVEMENT, RIVALLING THE FINEST SURVIVING ART OF ORIENTAL ANTIQUITY. (ACTUAL SIZE.)



Just as the old Inn has stood the test of time, so have the Dunlop Tyres that bring you to it. They have both been *built to last*.



FIG. 1. SEALS OF BAKED CLAY AS CORD TERMINALS: PART OF THE SAME SET AS THOSE SHOWN IN FIG. 3. (DATING FROM THE 14TH TO THE 13TH CENTURY B.C.)

AN ANCIENT SYRIAN KINGDOM AND ITS GOLD:

RICH DISCOVERIES DURING THE FIFTH SEASON AT RAS SHAMRA (ANCIENT UGARIT), INCLUDING TWO EXQUISITELY WROUGHT GOLD VESSELS OF THE 14TH CENTURY B.C.

By Professor CLAUDE F. A. SCHAEFFER, Director of the French Archaeological Expedition to Ras Shamra; Associate Curator of the Museum of National Antiquities at the Château of St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. (See colour reproductions on centre double-page, and illustrations on the two following pages.)

ONCE more I have the pleasure to present to readers of *The Illustrated London News* the results of our latest excavations at Ras Shamra during the fifth expedition in the spring of 1933. Our previous researches (described and illustrated in the issues for Nov. 2, 1929, Nov. 29, 1930, Nov. 21, 1931, March 12, 1932, and Feb. 11, 1933) revealed the ruins of a very important maritime town of the second millennium B.C., the capital of one of the kingdoms of ancient Syria, not far from the deserted bay of Minet-el-Beida on the Syrian coast, 15 kilometres north of Latakia. The evidence of its highly developed civilisation lay hidden in the mound named Ras Shamra (Fig. 4).

Situated on the nearest point of the Syrian coast opposite Cyprus, which can be seen on clear days, Ras Shamra became a real international port. At a period when iron was still reserved for jewellery, the indispensable Cyprian copper was conveyed by caravan from Ras Shamra to the interior of Syria and Mesopotamia, in exchange for Asiatic produce exported from Ras Shamra to Cyprus, Mycenaean Greece, and Egypt. A celebrated temple existed at Ras Shamra, where learned priests noted on large tablets, in alphabetic cuneiform script invented by them, the traditions and myths of their ancestors—documents of inestimable historic value, revealing an archaic Phœnician literature which, ever since Ernest Renan's researches, was believed to have been irretrievably lost. And, just as that great historian of religions had anticipated, it is in these ancient Phœnician traditions that we find one of the sources of the most famous of all human writings—the Old Testament.

Once again I am indebted to M. René Dussaud, Member of the Institute and Curator of Oriental Antiquities in the Louvre, promoter of the Ras Shamra excavations, for enabling me to organise the new expedition. Thanks to the financial co-operation of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, the Louvre, and the Ministry of National Education, it was possible to maintain the number of native workers at an average of 200 men, which enabled us to excavate a large area and recover numerous monuments. As in previous years, I was assisted by my friend M. Georges Chenet, the well-known archaeologist of Claux; while the survey of the ground-plan of the monuments was entrusted to M. Jules de Jaegher, the architect.

South of the library we discovered the ruins of a great temple, whose walls had been partly removed during the construction of the buildings of the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B.C. Here we found, among other votive offerings, a statuette of a high Egyptian dignitary sent by one of the 12th Dynasty Pharaohs, probably Amenemhat III., to the court of the King of Ras Shamra. The ambassador, by name Senousrit-Ankh, is represented seated between his wife and his daughter (Fig. 2). This precious monument, with other Egyptian statuettes previously discovered at Ras Shamra, proves the activity of Egyptian diplomacy in Syria ever since the Middle Empire. The Pharaohs wanted to establish—marching with the Eastern frontier of Egypt—a vast Asiatic empire which would form a buffer against the barbaric nations of the north menacing their realm.

Under these monuments of the second level at Ras Shamra, dating from about 2000 B.C., we now discovered, beyond doubt, the existence of a third town buried in the depths of the mound. It shows traces of a culture totally different from that of the two towns whose ruins are contained in the upper strata. At the period of this town of the



FIG. 2. EVIDENCE OF TIES BETWEEN EGYPT AND THE KINGDOM OF UGARIT: A SEATED FIGURE (BROKEN) OF SENOUSRIT-ANKH, AMBASSADOR FROM EGYPT TO RAS SHAMRA, WITH HIS WIFE, HENOUTSEN (STANDING IN THE FOREGROUND), BESIDE HIM. (12TH DYNASTY PERIOD; 19TH CENTURY B.C.)



FIG. 3. BAKED-CLAY SEALS ON THE ENDS OF CORDS: FURTHER EXAMPLES BELONGING TO THE SAME SET AS THOSE IN FIG. 1. (14TH TO 13TH CENTURY B.C.)

The objects shown above and in Fig. 1 all belong to the same group, which is described as follows: "Seals of baked clay attached to the ends of cords used for fastening packages, and containing on one side a note of the contents; on the other an impression of the seal of a Ras Shamra merchant (fourteenth to thirteenth century B.C.). One seal refers to a consignment of thread; the other to a cask of wine."

third stratum, the Phœnicians had apparently not yet occupied the coast of Northern Syria, and its civilisation seems to have been closely related to the great centre of culture in Mesopotamia. Indeed, the fine pottery with geometrical paintings in brownish black and red on a grey-green ground, characteristic of the third stratum of Ras Shamra, shows a surprising likeness to ceramics found on archaeological sites in Iraq and Persia (Susa, Tepe Giyan, Tepe Moussian, and Tello), dating from the third and even the fourth millennium B.C.

Princely Tombs. South of the library we discovered also three important burial vaults of rectangular plan, with corbelled roofs and approached by a *dromos* (corridor) with a stairway leading down to it (Figs. 5 to 9). They were further provided with a complete system of stone conduits, wells and jars, to ensure a supply of fresh water for the persons buried in these vaults (Fig. 7). As in the Mycenaean tombs discovered by us in the necropolis of Minet-el-Beida, the wells of the tombs of Ras Shamra are accessible from the interior of the vault by a window inserted in the body of the wall. Over the vaults was formerly a building, above ground, used for funeral ceremonies.

The remains of the contents of these tombs, pillaged many centuries ago—Mycenaean pottery, faience, glass, alabaster, and some small jewels in gold which escaped the robbers—give one an idea of their original riches, which is further emphasised by the dimensions and the fine architecture of these vaults, recalling in many respects the famous tombs of Mycenæ and Crete. There is no doubt that the personages buried in these tombs according to Mycenaean traditions were not of Semitic origin. They must have belonged to the race of those conquerors who came by sea to take possession of the Syrian coasts during the great Achæan expansion, whose forerunners

are mentioned in the letters of Tell-el-Amarna and the Hittite archives of Boghaz-Keui, dating from the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries B.C.

New Tablets.

Patient and systematic research enabled us to rescue fragments of several new tablets abandoned after the destruction of the library. Amongst them there is a treatise on the diseases or malformation of horses and the appropriate remedies. M. Charles Virolleaud, the translator of the alphabetic tablets of Ras Shamra, whom I asked to examine these new tablets as well, informed me that amongst the commonest remedies was the *débelat*, a kind of cake made of figs. It is the same remedy which, according to the Second Book of Kings, chapter 20, verse 7, the Prophet Isaiah prescribed for King Hezekiah when he was suffering from an ulcer.

I must point out another important point of contact between the Ras Shamra tablets and the Old Testament. Among fragments of Accadian and Sumerian tablets discovered during

this fifth season, there is a tablet of accounts. The well-known expert on cuneiform writing, M. François Thureau-Dangin, to whom I entrusted it for deciphering, found it to be an enumeration of quantities of wool due to a merchant from several purveyors. The enumeration is made in talents of 3000 shekels. Thus there was current at Ras Shamra, not the Babylonian talent worth 3600 shekels, but the talent used by the Hebrews in the Tabernacle accounts, a fact which confirms the statements in Exodus.

Identification of Ras Shamra.

Ugarit was the capital and port of a kingdom in North Syria, which played an important part in the history of the ancient East. Egyptian and Hittite documents of the second millennium B.C. often mention it, but its exact geographical locality was unknown. The frequent references to Ugarit in the texts discovered during our previous campaigns had already given us ground for identifying it with Ras Shamra. This year we found also a tablet containing a colophon according to which the text was written during the lifetime and by order of King Nekmed of Ugarit. Nevertheless, some doubt still remained, as it was admissible that Ras Shamra was perhaps only one of the towns of the Ugarit region, whose capital might have been ancient Latakia. To solve the problem, we undertook, during this campaign, researches and excavations in the town of Latakia, and these enabled us to establish the fact that there is no trace there of any remains of the remote periods. The present capital of the State of the Alaouites

[Continued on page 336.]



FIG. 4. THE SITE AT RAS SHAMRA SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE MOUND BY THE SYRIAN COAST REVEALING RUINS OF THE CAPITAL OF THE FAMOUS KINGDOM OF UGARIT, WITH ITS TEMPLES, PRIESTLY LIBRARY, AND ROYAL TOMBS, BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY EXCAVATION.

SEPULCHRES OF THE KINGS OF UGARIT: RAS SHAMRA TOMBS OF THE 13TH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 5. THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT ROYAL TOMB (NO. 4) FOUND AT RAS SHAMRA: A VIEW SHOWING THE MASSIVE MASONRY AND THE BEAUTIFULLY CONSTRUCTED VAULTING OF THE CORBELLED ROOF.

THE story of the great discoveries made by Professor Schaeffer during the last five years at Ras Shamra, on the north coast of Syria, and illustrated from time to time in previous numbers, is continued in his article on the preceding page, wherein he records



FIG. 7. A WATER SUPPLY FOR THE DEAD IN THE AFTER LIFE: PART OF A SYSTEM OF STONE CONDUITS CONNECTED WITH A ROYAL TOMB DATING FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. (SEEN IN THE CENTRE).



FIG. 8. A SIDE VIEW OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER IN THE TOMB ILLUSTRATED IN THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW (FIG. 9): SHOWING A SQUARE APERTURE IN THE MASONRY FORMED OF HUGE STONE BLOCKS.

the results of the fifth season's excavations. Among much else, he has described royal tombs, with their massive masonry and architectural grandeur, rivalling those of Crete and Mycenæ, and having a system of conduits to provide the dead with fresh water for use in the after life. The particular tomb shown here (No. 4 in the series) is evidently of a similar type to some already found, for, writing in our issue of February 11, 1933, Professor Schaeffer said: "South of the library we discovered a Mycenaean tomb of particularly fine architecture, identical in many details with the great royal chamber-tombs of Mycenæ . . . The tomb found at Ras Shamra amid the ruins of the temple and the Semitic library is a historical document of the first importance. It testifies to the capture of Ras Shamra, and doubtless the whole coast of northern Syria, by Greek conquerors at the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the thirteenth century B.C. It is to this first Achæan expansion that belongs also the destruction of Homer's Troy." Professor Schaeffer has now definitely identified Ras Shamra as the capital of the kingdom of Ugarit.



FIG. 9. SEPULCHRAL MASONRY OF ENORMOUS STRENGTH: A ROYAL TOMB AT RAS SHAMRA WITH ITS DROMOS (APPROACH CORRIDOR) AND ARCHED DOORWAY—A VERITABLE "ARMOUR-PLATED" RETREAT.



FIG. 6. THE STAIRWAY LEADING DOWN TO TOMB (NO. 4.) SHOWING IN THE DROMOS WALL THE ENTRANCE TO AN OSSUARY CONTAINING SKELETONS REMOVED TO MAKE ROOM FOR LATER BURIALS.

GOLD VESSELS OVER 3000 YEARS OLD: A GREAT "FIND" AT RAS SHAMRA.



FIG. 10. WONDERFUL REPOUSSÉ DECORATION ON THE GOLDEN BOWL (REPRODUCED IN ITS ACTUAL COLOUR ON PAGE 11.): THE COMPONENT SECTIONS OPENED OUT TO SHOW THE SUCCESSION OF SCENES, INCLUDING (IN THE LONG BAND) A LION-HUNT (LOWER LEFT CORNER) WITH VARIOUS OTHER ANIMALS AND FABULOUS CREATURES.

THE great event of the fifth season's work at Ras Shamra, as described by Prof. Schaeffer in his article on page 323, was the finding of two wonderful vessels of gold—a bowl and a patera, or plate—which date from about the fourteenth century B.C. and are of outstanding importance from the beauty and richness

[Continued below.]



FIG. 11. THE MOST THRILLING MOMENT OF THE FIFTH SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS AT RAS. SHAMRA: THE FINDING OF THE GOLD VESSELS—(IN FOREGROUND) A WORKMAN GENTLY LIFTING THE SOIL AROUND THEM WITH HIS HANDS.



FIG. 12. THE TWO GOLD VESSELS—A BOWL (LEFT) AND A PATERA—LYING TOGETHER IN THE SOIL WHERE THEY WERE HIDDEN SOME 3300 YEARS AGO: A GREAT ARCHÆOLOGICAL TREASURE IN SITU AS IT WAS FOUND.

of their decoration. Their quality can be fully appreciated by the reproductions, in their actual colour, given elsewhere in this number. The above photographs illustrate the thrilling moment of their discovery, their appearance as they emerged from the soil wherein they had lain for over 3000 years, and a view of the bowl in sections, showing successive stages of the design.

THE NEW CAPITAL OF A NEW EMPIRE; HSINKING; AND LEADING MEN IN MANCHUKUO.



THE PALACE OF THE NEW EMPEROR OF MANCHUKUO AT HSINKING (FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHANGCHUN), NOW THE CAPITAL: THE MAIN ENTRANCE, WITH SENTRIES ON GUARD.



THE BUILDING USED AS THE OFFICES OF THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF MANCHUKUO, FORMERLY EMPEROR OF CHINA, WHOSE ENTHRONEMENT AS THE FIRST EMPEROR OF MANCHUKUO WAS FIXED FOR MARCH 1.



A MOMENTOUS OCCASION IN THE HISTORY OF THE FAR EAST: THE MEETING OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF MANCHUKUO (WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, CHENG HSIAO-HSIN, PRESIDING) AT WHICH IT WAS DECIDED TO ESTABLISH A MONARCHY.

THE new State of Manchukuo, formerly known as Manchuria, was founded on March 1, 1932, with the ex-Emperor of China as Chief Executive, bearing the title of Regent. At the same time Hsinking (formerly called Changchun) was chosen as the capital, superseding Mukden. Since then it has been decided to transform the State into a Monarchy, and

[Continued below on left.]

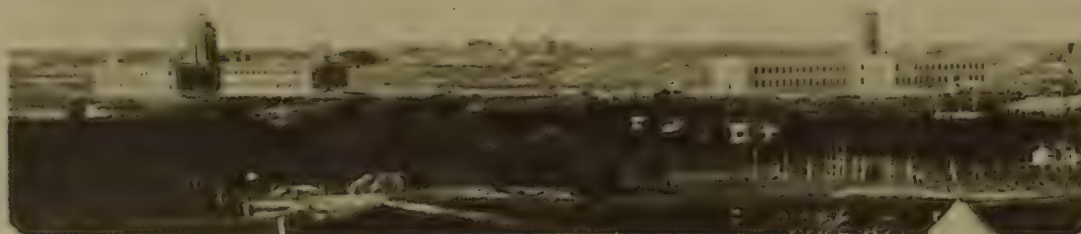


THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE OF MANCHUKUO: THE SECOND OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS COMPLETED AT HSINKING, WHICH HAS SUPERSEDED MUKDEN AS THE CAPITAL OF THE COUNTRY.



THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY STATIONED IN MANCHUKUO UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT HSINKING: A REMINDER OF THE PROTOCOL CLAUSE PROVIDING THAT JAPAN MUST BE CONSULTED ON MATTERS OF DEFENCE.

establish the Regent as Emperor of Manchukuo, the first of a new dynasty. He was proclaimed as such some time ago, and it was recently announced that his official enthronement would take place at Hsinking on March 1, the second anniversary of the State's foundation. On January 20 a committee headed by the Prime Minister, Mr. Cheng Hsiao-hsin, waited on the Regent



THE RAPID DEVELOPMENT OF MANCHUKUO'S NEW CAPITAL: A DISTANT GENERAL VIEW OVER PART OF HSINKING, SHOWING (LEFT) THE NEW LAW OFFICES AND (RIGHT) THE NEW EDUCATION OFFICE.

to obtain his consent to the issue of the necessary decree, and the Premier afterwards made a broadcast announcement of the plans for the enthronement ceremony. Under the Manchukuo Protocol, Japan must be consulted on matters involving national defence, and this provision gives the Japanese Government a decisive voice. Japan has asserted that frontiers are not affected.

CHINA'S LAST EMPEROR CHOSEN AS FIRST EMPEROR OF MANCHUKUO.



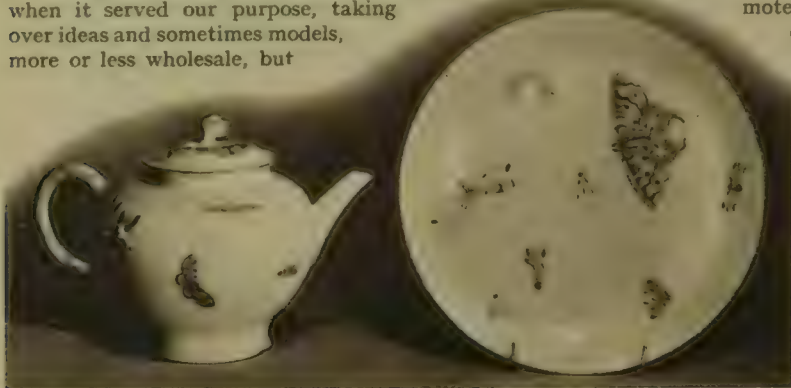
ANNOUNCED AS ASCENDING THE THRONE "BY THE WILL OF HEAVEN": THE EXILED HSUAN-T'UNG OF CHINA, WHOSE ENTHRONEMENT AS EMPEROR OF MANCHUKUO WAS ARRANGED FOR MARCH 1.

The young ex-Emperor Hsuan T'ung of China, whose enthronement as first Emperor of Manchukuo was fixed for March 1, was born in Peking on February 7, 1906. At the age of two he succeeded his uncle as tenth Emperor of the Manchu dynasty, but in 1912, after the Revolution, was forced to abdicate. He was allowed to live in state at Peking until, in 1924, Feng Yu-hsiang effected a *coup d'état* and turned

him out of his palace. He took refuge in the Japanese Legation, and later, with his wife, moved to the Japanese Concession at Tientsin. There he learned to row, ride, and play tennis. He could read English, and became an excellent Chinese scholar. In 1931, he left Tientsin for Manchuria. It has been officially announced that he ascends the throne of Manchukuo "by the will of Heaven."



THE English porcelain at Sir Philip Sassoon's Exhibition on behalf of the Royal Northern Hospital has the music-room on the first floor to itself, and will presumably be the main attraction of this splendid show to all those who descend, either physically or by choice of profession, from the ingenious craftsmen who, from 1745 onwards, struggled and fought to build up on sure foundations a great English industry. By modern standards we were a somewhat unscrupulous people, impudently imitating the marks of Meissen or Sèvres when it served our purpose, taking over ideas and sometimes models, more or less wholesale, but



1. FINE EXAMPLES OF THE ENGLISH POTTER'S ART IN THE "PORCELAIN THROUGH THE AGES" EXHIBITION: PIECES FROM A CHELSEA-TEA SET: PAINTED WITH BUTTERFLIES ON A WHITE GROUND AND BEARING THE RED ANCHOR MARK (C. 1755).

Reproduction by Courtesy of the Owner, Ernest S. Mahower, Esq.

none the less evolving a definite style which, for all its borrowings, is characteristic of our own country and of that alone.

Perhaps a wholly native inspiration is best seen in a pair of simple mugs from Worcester (Dr. Wall period: c. 1757), in which a simple landscape in green wash, with a black outline, gives an impression of quiet unpretentiousness, generally lacking in later pieces. More usual in style, though very rare because of its yellow scale ground, is the tea-pot of about 1770 (Fig. 4), which is by contrast extremely sophisticated—an Englishman's notion of how a Chinese potter might decorate a similar piece. A more direct Oriental imitation is to be seen in the very charming coffee-pot of about 1755 (Fig. 2) from the Bow factory. If, however, one may presume to choose out of this formidable array two examples upon which to base a modest discourse upon the achievement of the English potter, I doubt if figures more gracious and more apt to the purpose are to be found than those illustrated in the centre of the opposite page.

That on the right, "The Nurse," has a grave beauty which is oddly outside the normal tradition of eighteenth-century porcelain; modellers were



4. A WORCESTER TEA-POT WITH THE RARE YELLOW SCALE GROUND: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE IMITATION OF ORIENTAL STYLES OF DECORATION BY ENGLISH CRAFTSMEN. (DR. WALL PERIOD: C. 1770.)

Reproduction by Courtesy of the Owners, Messrs. Stoner and Evans.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"PORCELAIN THROUGH THE AGES," AT 25, PARK LANE.
III.—THE ENGLISH SECTION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

more often concerned with a vivacious translation of ordinary mortals into fairies—they did not conceive it their business to come down to earth. Their attitude was rather that of the showman in a sophisticated revue—their tinkers, their tailors, their candlestick-makers, strut agreeably before the footlights; they pirouette their enchanted way through a world of fantasy. This figure has a seriousness, a repose, a tender and quite genuine sentiment alien to the vast majority of its neighbours. It is so striking that one is a little taken aback by it; it is very quiet and very remote, and its intrinsic dignity is enhanced

by the extreme simplicity of its colouring. It was evidently a popular model, for at least a dozen versions are in existence, each decorated in a different way; but this example, lent by Lord and Lady Fisher, is surely the finest, for the only colours used are a delicate yellow for the woman's bodice, and green for the bands of the child's clothes. The original model is not English, but French. (Will someone write to me and

style—how the two poor servant girls were run off their feet by the old woman, and killed the cock that woke them up so early, only to find that

the old woman plagued them still more by running about all night—

Dès que l'Aurore, dis-je, en son char remontoit,
Un misérable coq à point nommé chantoit.

Dormoient les deux pauvres servantes.

L'une entr'ouvoit un œil,
L'autre étendoit un bras;
Et toutes deux, très mal contentes,
Disoient entre leurs dents
"Maudit coq! tu mourras!"

And so, here he is, having his head chopped off by the daintiest little creature that ever stepped out of a kitchen! Each to his choice, as to which of these two styles are preferable—the gravity of one is no less distinguished than the absurd fantasy

of the other, and both are superb bits of potting.

Such things as this last little figure confound the critic, and make him forget any theories of art he may laboriously have acquired: they make no demand upon his intelligence, and rouse no emotion in his heart. They are neither of heaven nor earth, but belong to that remote plane of existence in which nursery rhymes are the only true values. Does anyone read Fanny Burney to-day, her "Evelina: or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World"? Here is an extract: "Alas my child," writes her worthy guardian, "the artlessness of your nature, and the simplicity of your education, alike unfit you for the thorny paths of the great and busy world. . . . Indeed, the town is the general harbour of fraud and of folly, of duplicity and of impertinence; and I wish few things more fervently than that you may have taken a lasting leave of it."

I can well believe that the owners of many of these charming pieces, these porcelain maidens, will heartily agree with what follows: "If contented with a retired station, I still hope I shall live to see my Evelina the ornament of her neighbourhood, and the pride and delight of her family; giving and receiving joy from such society as may best deserve her affection." That puts the matter better than I can, for a Chelsea model is as stilted and as charming as Fanny's prose.

As to the rest, the visitor will note particularly certain rare table-services from Chelsea, Worcester, Derby, and by Spode, some fine Bristol, and numerous pieces from the lesser-known factories, such as Longton Hall and Nantgarw.



2. AN ENGLISH IMITATION OF CHINESE DECORATIVE MOTIFS: A BOW COFFEE-POT OF ABOUT 1755.

Reproduction by Courtesy of the Owner, T. G. Cannon, Esq.



3. A FINE EXAMPLE OF WORCESTER OF THE DR. WALL PERIOD—IN THE EXHIBITION: A KIDNEY-SHAPED DISH, WITH A PANEL PAINTED WITH A SUBJECT FROM AÆSOP'S FABLES, ON A GROS BLEU GROUND AND GILT (C. 1765).

Reproduction by Courtesy of the Owner, H. W. Cook, Esq.

say that this is impossible because the French are a frivolous nation? Not long ago, the originator was supposed to be Barthélemy de Blémont, one of the little band known to have been followers of the great sixteenth-century French potter, Bernard Palissy; modern research, however, has now decided that the credit for this fine conception must be given to a certain Dupré, who made pots at Avon, near Fontainebleau, early in the seventeenth century, and would, of course, work in earthenware, not porcelain.

So much, then, for what we may call an *adagio* movement: there is no difficulty in finding a *capriccio*. Look at the illustration on the left of the opposite page. It is as gay, as pretty a grouping, as anything Mr. C. B. Cochran has yet devised—a light-hearted illustration of an Aesop fable made to do duty as a candlestick (Gold Anchor mark, about 1765). Lafontaine tells the story with his usual exquisite sense of



5. WORCESTER PORCELAIN, LESS SOPHISTICATED IN STYLE THAN THAT SEEN IN FIGS. 3 AND 4, BUT HAVING A SINGULAR CHARM: MUGS OF THE DR. WALL PERIOD, DECORATED IN BLACK OUTLINE, WITH A GREEN WASH; THE PANELS OUTLINED IN BLACK AND RED.

Reproduction by Courtesy of the Owner, C. W. Dyson Perrins, Esq.

ENGLISH PORCELAIN IN PARK LANE:
LITTLE PEOPLE GAY AND PENSIVE—
WISTFUL AND DISARMING.

SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE OWNERS.



A NOTABLE PIECE OF CHELSEA PORCELAIN (GOLD ANCHOR MARK): A FIGURE OF JOHN COAN, THE ENGLISH DWARF. (C. 1760.)
Lent by Lady Ludlow.



TYPICAL ENGLISH PORCELAIN FIGURES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A CARPENTER WEARING A RED COAT AND CARRYING A BAG OF TOOLS OVER HIS SHOULDER. (CHELSEA, RED ANCHOR MARK, C. 1755); AND A COOK WITH A CHICKEN ON A DISH. (CHELSEA, RED ANCHOR PERIOD, C. 1755.)
Lent by H. W. Cook, Esq., and Lord and Lady Fisher, respectively.



ANOTHER CHELSEA FIGURE OF A DWARF: DAVID GABARISCO, THE PRUSSIAN DWARF. (GOLD ANCHOR MARK, C. 1760.)
Lent by Lady Ludlow.



A LIGHT-HEARTED ILLUSTRATION OF A FABLE (ATTRIBUTED TO AESOP) ADAPTED TO A CANDLESTICK: THE SERVANT-GIRL KILLING THE COCK IN THE TALE OF THE TWO SERVANT-GIRLS, THE OLD WOMAN AND THE COCK, TOLD BY LAFONTAINE AND L'ÉTRANGE. (CHELSEA GOLD ANCHOR MARK, C. 1765.)

A CHELSEA FIGURE (C. 1755) STRANGELY REMOTE FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN SPIRIT: "LA NOURRICE," MODELLED ON A FRENCH ORIGINAL THOUGHT TO BE THE WORK OF DUPRÉ OF AVON; COLOURED SIMPLY, WITH A BRILLIANT YELLOW ON THE BODICE AND GREEN ON THE SWADDLING BANDS.



A TYPICAL BOW FIGURE: FREDERICK THE GREAT; WEARING A BRIGHT BLUE COAT, WITH TROPHIES OF WAR BESIDE HIM. (C. 1760.)
Lent by E. S. McEuen, Esq.



A BRILLIANT PIECE OF CHELSEA PORCELAIN: TWO LOVERS SEATED IN AN ARBOUR, AMUSING THEMSELVES WITH A MUSIC LESSON. (GOLD ANCHOR MARK; C. 1760.)
Lent by Messrs. J. Rochelle Thomas.



A PLYMOUTH PIECE OF UNUSUAL INTEREST: A FINE CLASSICAL FEMALE FIGURE REPRESENTING AMERICA. (C. 1770.)
Lent by Messrs. Albert Amor, Ltd.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I HAVE often noticed that the expert, writing for the general public, is too much inclined to assume that everyone is as familiar as himself with his special subject. Thus he will airily refer to his authorities by surname only, without initials or other indications of identity. This bad habit doubtless arises from the delusion, common among enthusiasts, that their own particular pebble is the only one on the beach. It does not, of course, impair the value of a book for students, themselves versed in all the technicalities, but for the ordinary reader it is apt to be rather disconcerting.

An example occurs in a learned work on a subject of wide appeal, as being concerned with Biblical history—"THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF HEROD'S TEMPLE." With a Commentary on the Tractate "Middoth." By F. J. Hollis, D.D. Thesis approved for the Degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of London. With thirty Plans (Dent; 18s.). At once, on dipping into the book, I found myself immersed in a problem of compelling interest, and so handled as to combine scholarly erudition with charm of style. I had not proceeded far, however, before I was brought up with a jerk by the following passage: "Amongst early descriptions of the buildings and courts, mention should be made of the *Letter of Aristaeas*. As Thackeray points out, the probable date of this letter is somewhere between 120 B.C. and 80 B.C." And again: "As Thackeray points out: 'This description of Jerusalem has the vivid touch of an eye-witness.'"

Here, said I to myself, is something fresh and little known about Thackeray. I had never heard of his contributions to the Higher Criticism; but one lives and learns. Remembering recent announcements about an unpublished manuscript of Dickens, telling the Gospel story for children, to be given us in book form, I prepared to comment on a new link between the two great English novelists—their interest in the Scriptures. It would have made a neat point of comparison. Presently, however, various footnote references (in the volume under review) to Thackeray's "Josephus," Thackeray's Essays, and Thackeray's edition of the *Aristaeas* letter, caused me, vulgarly speaking, to smell a rat, and I perceived at last that there must be, or have been, another gentleman called Thackeray. I had some difficulty in tracing the second Mr. Thackeray, for Dr. Hollis gave me no clue to his Christian name. Nor could I find him in the index to my copy of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," but it might well have figured there, for by further research, under the headings of "Aristaeas" and "Septuagint," I discovered that the wanted man was Dr. H. St. John Thackeray, evidently a distinguished Biblical scholar. As to his date, however, I am still in the dark.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate that Dr. Hollis has written for the elect, rather than for the *profanum vulgus*, but that will not displease the large section of our readers who are on easy terms with archaeology. The exact character and position of the Temple at Jerusalem in New Testament times has been, for various reasons, very difficult to determine. Dr. Hollis, who was an engineer before he took holy orders, investigates the question in all its ramifications, and the numerous plans help to elucidate his arguments. The writer of a foreword, Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley, considers that "it is perhaps not too much to say that he has solved the problem." Naturally, the result does not lend itself to summary, for the whole book is the solution. The reconstruction of Herod's Temple, given in the frontispiece, represents a large model made by students of King's College, London. Allowing for differences of architectural style, it recalls the Acropolis at Athens. The two would make appropriate symbolic illustrations to Matthew Arnold's chapter on Hebraism and Hellenism in "Culture and Anarchy."

In contrast to the studious atmosphere of the above-mentioned work is the frankly popular appeal of "PALESTINE." Its History, Peoples and Scenery. By Frederick De Land Leete. With sixteen illustrations (Skeffington; 15s.). It is mentioned on the wrapper, but not, curiously enough, on the title-page itself, that the author was formerly Bishop of Iowa and Nebraska. His object has been to picture the Holy Land as it is to-day for three classes of readers—those who have been there and will be glad to have their memories refreshed; those who are planning a trip to Palestine; and, more particularly, those who may never have a chance to do so. His

description is unpretentious and picturesque, based largely on personal observation, with some admixture of historical allusion. While the religious associations of Palestine are chiefly emphasised, as might be expected from an episcopal pen, the Bishop was so far interested in anthropology as to make a special pilgrimage to the home of the "Galilee Man," the name of the prehistoric skull found in 1925. The scene of discovery was a cavern in a rocky ravine, formerly known as the Robber's Cave, and now used as a temporary shelter by wandering Bedouin and their cattle; "a black, unlovely abode," writes the Bishop, and its condition was such that he found no temptation to linger there and muse on "the first Galilean."

When two works on the same theme, with many points in common, come up for judgment hand in hand, it is not easy to express in a few words their respective characteristics and the difference between them. I feel this



MAORI RECOGNITION OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S GIFT OF THE ESTATE ON WHICH THE TREATY OF WAITANGI WAS SIGNED IN 1840: LORD AND LADY BLEDISLOE WITH SOME OF THE NATIVES WHO GREETED THEM AT PICTON, SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Lord Bledisloe, Governor-General of New Zealand, who is Chairman of the Waitangi Trust Board, visited Picton in January, to receive from the Maoris of South Island a block of greenstone and a chair for the use of the Chairman of the Trust. The chief ceremonies were on the 18th, when the natives assembled on the Foreshore, which had been made to represent the courtyard, or meeting-place, of a Maori village, and greeted the visitors in accordance with ancient custom. The proceedings included a religious ceremony with the object of lifting the tabu on the presentation chair; and there were hakas, poi dances, and music.

difficulty in connection with a pair of books on a subject of great prominence just now—"THE JEW TO-DAY." By Sidney Dark. With a Section on Modern Jewish Philosophy by the Rev. A. E. Baker (Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.); and "THE JEW AT BAY." By H. S. Ashton (Philip Allan; 6s.). Both writers show a strong sympathy towards the Jews from a non-Jewish point of view, while discussing frankly every side of their character and of the social and political problems affecting them—especially, of course, the outbreak of Jew-baiting in Germany and the development of Zionism.

Both authors agree in condemning the German policy. Mr. Sidney Dark, whose book is the more "literary" of the two, relying more on reasoned argument than objective description, concludes: "Hitlerism is undeniably stimulating anti-Semitism all over the world, and the inevitable result must be that the Jew in comfortable circumstances in England, in France, and in America, will be led by the persecution of his fellows to attach greater value and greater importance to his Jewish descent, though there is no evidence at present that Hitlerism will bring into being that Jewish international solidarity which at present only exists in the imagination of the anti-Semites. But that may come, for Hitlerism has entirely changed the character of the Jewish problem, and may have a profound effect on the future of the Jewish race."

While Mr. Dark writes under his own name, and needs no introduction, the author of "The Jew at Bay" has apparently preferred to use a pseudonym. "H. S. Ashton," his publisher informs us, "covers the identity of a writer of wide political and journalistic experience, an adviser of Governments, a friend of Cabinet Ministers—a man who has travelled in almost every country in Europe, not to overlook Africa and the Far East." Compared with that of Mr. Dark, his style is more flamboyant, staccato, and sensational. At the same time, though in a French quotation he is not above reproach (*vide* page 126), he is by no means devoid of erudition. Thus, for example, he compares Hitler with one Apion, a first-century anti-Semite, who "led a deputation to Caligula sent by the Alexandrians," bringing wild charges against the Jews of that city, and he discusses the counterblast written by Josephus. The author, who offers his book as "neither arraigning nor appreciation," but "an analysis," delivers many hard knocks at Hitlerism, and says in conclusion: "No jack-boot can crush the Jews. . . . They survive and they multiply. That is the answer to Adolf Hitler and his friends. That was the answer to Apion; that was the answer to Caligula and Trajan; that was the answer to the Inquisition of Spain."

The origins of another great race which, although in its spiritual qualities vastly different from the Jews, has this in common with them, that it has suffered dispersal and possesses no concentrated national home, are traced in an archaeological treatise of deep interest and abundantly illustrated, namely, "THE RISE OF THE CELTS." By the late Henri Hubert, Director of Studies at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, Assistant-Keeper at the Musée des Antiquités Nationales de Saint Germain (Kegan Paul, 16s.). The original author of this fascinating work unfortunately died before he had finished arranging it in book form, and it has been completed by other hands from the papers which he left. The names of these pious disciples who have thus given his work to the world are given modestly on the back of the title-page. Here we learn that it has been edited and brought up to date by Professor Marcel Mauss, Raymond Lantier, and Jean Marx, and translated from the French by M. R. Dobie, Keeper of Manuscripts in the National Library of Scotland.

While the Celt is physically less distinctive than the Jew, he has his own mental characteristics and a definite geographical distribution. The average Englishman is vague about the Celts. He has heard of "the Celtic twilight," but otherwise his ideas on the subject rather resemble Cimmerian darkness. This book will dispel much of the gloom. Personally, I can but claim to have read, apparently in the year 1900 (the date of my copy), Matthew Arnold's Oxford Lectures on Celtic Literature. I see no allusion to that work in this present volume, but it may perhaps be interesting to recall a few words from Arnold's peroration, which has more than one point of some significance to-day.

"The late Mr. Cobden," he writes, "used to fancy that a better acquaintance with the United States was the grand panacea for us. . . . I am inclined to beseech Oxford, instead . . . to give us an expounder for the Celtic languages and literature. . . . The shrunken and diminutive remains of this great primitive race—all, with one insignificant exception, belong to the English empire. . . . And yet in the great and rich Universities of this great and rich country there is no Chair of Celtic. . . . Let it be one of our angelic revenges on the Philistines, who among their other sins are the guilty authors of Fenianism, to found at Oxford a Chair of Celtic, and to send, through the gentle ministrations of science, a message of peace to Ireland." That was written in 1867.

I do not know when it was that Arnold's appeal bore practical fruit, but on consulting "Whitaker" I find that Oxford now has a Chair of Celtic, occupied by Professor John Fraser. Cambridge, apparently, has not followed suit. Arnold's allusion to Richard Cobden will cause me to regard with enhanced interest that statesman's frock-coated statue marooned on an island site in Camden Town, when I pass it on my homeward-faring bus.

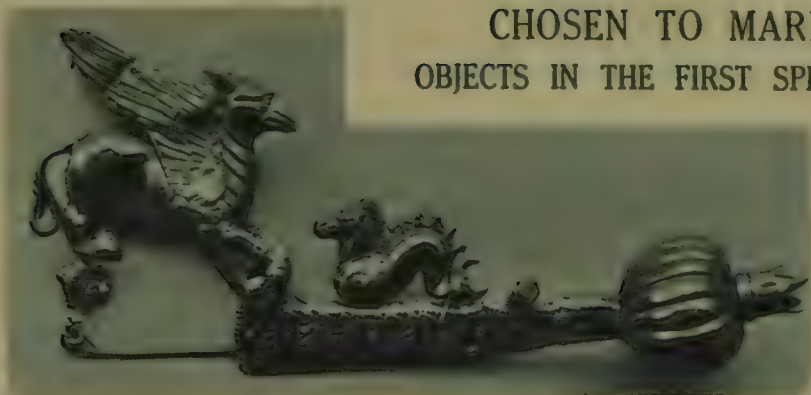
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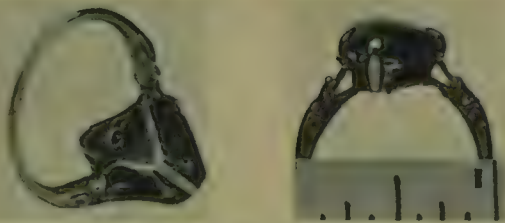
THE CHAIR PRESENTED TO LORD BLEDISLOE: MAORI WORKMANSHIP OF THE FINEST TYPE.

The chair, made from heart of totara, is the work of Mr. Thomas Hebblerley, of Wellington, one of the best Maori carvers in the Dominion. It is six feet high. The design embodies numerous native symbols. The face in the centre of the top panel is the emblem of Peace. The back is of coloured flax fibre, and was made by Maori women of Waikawa.

CHOSEN TO MARK THE JUBILEE OF BIRMINGHAM'S MUSEUM: OBJECTS IN THE FIRST SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF THE PICK OF THE CITY'S TREASURES.



A GRECO-SCYTHIAN GOLD FIBULA OF THE FOURTH OR THIRD CENTURY B.C. FROM THE CRIMEA, THE BOW ENRICHED WITH A WINGED GRIFFIN; THE SHEATH DECORATED IN REPOUSSÉ-WORK WITH HONEYSUCKLE ORNAMENT, SURMOUNTED BY A HIPPOCAMP. (7½ in. long.)



THE ALVECHURCH RING (TWO VIEWS): AN ENGLISH EARLY FOURTEENTH-CENTURY GOLD FINGER RING, SET WITH A CABOCHON OLIVINE. (1½ by 1 in.)



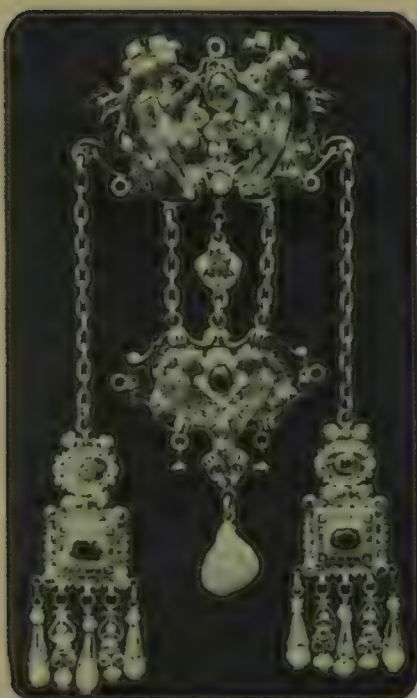
(ABOVE) A FRENCH FOURTEENTH-CENTURY IVORY DIPTYCH, CARVED IN HIGH RELIEF; WITH THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ATTENDANT ANGELS; AND THE CRUCIFIXION WITH FIGURES OF THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN. (2½ in. high.)



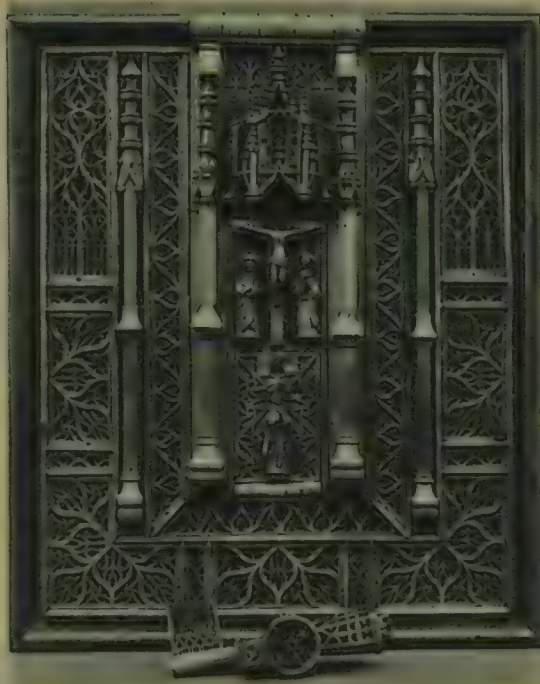
(LEFT) "PIGS"; BY GEORGE MORLAND (1763-1804): A CHARACTERISTIC PAINTING BY AN ARTIST WHO SPECIALISED IN LANDSCAPES, RUSTIC AND GENRE SUBJECTS, AND ANIMALS—SIGNED "GEORGE MORLAND." (28 by 37½ in.)



A GERMAN FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ROCK CRYSTAL RELIQUARY; THE COVER SURMOUNTED BY A SHORT SILVER-GILT SPIRELET. (12½ in. high.)



THE ELLERA JEWEL, MADE AT BOLOGNA C. 1550; OF GOLD, SET WITH SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES AND FRESH-WATER PEARLS. (5½ by 3½ in.)



A FRENCH COFFER LOCK AND KEY OF CHISSELLED IRON: FLAMBOYANT GOTHIC WORK OF C. 1450-80—PROBABLY A "PIÈCE DE MAÎTRISE." (10 in. high.)



A PERSIAN CASKET OF BRASS INLAID WITH SILVER, OF THE LATE THIRTEENTH CENTURY; WITH GROUNDWORK OF "LABYRINTH" DESIGN AND SIX MEDALLIONS, TWO ON THE FRONT AND ONE EACH ON THE SIDES, BACK, AND LID. (5 in. high.)

The City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery celebrates this year its fiftieth anniversary, and a series of jubilee exhibitions is to be held during 1934. The inaugural exhibition of the series is now open and will continue until April 21. Consisting of about two hundred objects chosen as the very pick of all that has been collected throughout the fifty years, it not only illustrates the range and variety of the Museum's treasures, but forms an exceptional show of remarkably wrought things in the fine and applied arts. A foreword to the catalogue of the Exhibition says: "During the whole of this period (fifty years), no single object contained in

the collections has been purchased out of public money for the Art Gallery. Everything it contains has been given or bequeathed, or purchased from voluntary subscriptions. This is a record which we believe to be unequalled among all municipal museums. . . . In the department of Industrial Arts we have attempted to single out brilliant examples, both of craftsmanship and artistic design, covering all the ages: in sculpture, from Egypt to Epstein; in ceramics, from our own country to the extreme Orient; in silver and metalwork, from the Middle Ages down to the work of contemporary Birmingham craftsmen. . . ."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE NEW IRISH FREE STATE TERRITORIAL FORCE: A GREEN-GREY UNIFORM SAID TO BE BASED ON THAT DESIGNED FOR SIR ROGER CASEMENT'S IRISH BRIGADE—
DRILL ORDER AND FIELD DRESS.

The uniform of the Irish Free State Territorial Force, which is illustrated here, is green-grey in colour. It is said to have been modelled on that designed by Sir Roger Casement for the Irish Brigade he attempted unsuccessfully to raise in Germany, where he tried to enlist Irish soldiers who were prisoners of war. The steel helmet is distinctly German in type.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK BEGINNING FEBRUARY 22 AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TUREEN IN CHELSEA PORCELAIN. This tureen is an exceptionally fine specimen of the porcelain made at Chelsea under the management of Nicholas Sprimont. It bears the red anchor used as a mark at that factory for a few years from about 1753. Though in form and decoration obviously influenced by the contemporary Meissen (often called Dresden) porcelain, in several ways it shows an individual style. The material is artificial porcelain of a soft, milk-white colour; and the colouring forms a characteristic harmony.



A WHALE SKELETON, 82 FT. LONG, IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: BONES WHICH HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS IN THE BASEMENT FOR LACK OF SPACE. A complete skeleton of a whale, believed to be the largest articulated specimen in any museum in the world, was hung in the new Whale Hall at the Natural History Museum on February 23. It is the skeleton of a young female Blue Whale, weighing over 10 tons. The whale was stranded on the Wexford coast in 1891.



OF GREAT ETHNOLOGICAL AND ARTISTIC INTEREST: A DUTCH EAST INDIAN CARVING OF ADAM AND EVE; EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

The remarkable wood-carving from the Dutch East Indies (in the Ratton-Carré collection) illustrated here forms part of an Exhibition of Sculpture at the Galleries of Sydney Burney, 13, St. James's Place. The figures, carved from a single block of wood, express a blind fear of the unknown.



THE WEEK'S TREASURE AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "A MILK SOP"; A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

Thomas Rowlandson was born in Old Jewry, London, in 1756, and died in the Adelphi in 1827. If idleness and the pursuit of pleasure prevented him from succeeding as a fashionable portrait or "historical" painter, this was perhaps no great loss. He went everywhere and set down what he saw with such *verve* and fidelity as to become the mirror of his age.



GERMANY'S "DAY FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF HEROES" OF THE GREAT WAR: A WREATH PLACED ON THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S MONUMENT IN MUNICH.

On February 24 celebrations were held in Munich to mark the anniversary of the day on which, nine years ago, the Nazi Party resumed its activities, when the ban imposed on it after the 1923 Putsch had been raised. Herr Hitler spoke in the hall where, in 1920, he made his first speech before a large audience. On February 25, "Heroes' Day," the new official designation for the old "Day of National Mourning," was celebrated throughout Germany.



THE NAZI SALUTE AT POTTERS BAR: THE CEREMONY AT THE GRAVE OF TWO ZEPPELINS' CREWS ATTENDED BY GERMANS IN ENGLAND.

The annual memorial service at the grave of the crews of the two German airships brought down in flames at Cuffley and Potters Bar in 1916 was held on February 25 in Potters Bar Churchyard. Some 1500 people, mostly Germans, attended, and the Nazi salute was given when the German Ambassador placed a wreath on the grave. For the first time, the Vicar of Potters Bar declined to take part in the ceremony—in view, he pointed out, of the Nazi attitude to Christianity.

"I SWEAR TO ADOLF HITLER UNDYING LOYALTY AND STRICT OBEDIENCE."



WHEN OVER A MILLION LEADERS AND OFFICIALS OF THE NAZI PARTY SWORE ALLEGIANCE TO HERR HITLER:
TAKING THE "GREATEST OATH IN THE HISTORY OF THE GERMAN NATION" IN BERLIN.

On the morning of February 25, in the Königsplatz at Munich, Herr Hitler's deputy, Herr Rudolf Hess, administered to some 30,000 Nazis a remarkable oath of loyalty and obedience to the Nazi leader, and this was broadcast to over a million of the political leaders and officials of the Nazi Party through the agency of all the German wireless stations. The words of the oath were: "I swear to Adolf Hitler undying loyalty and strict obedience

to him and his appointed leaders"; and Herr Hess said of it: "You have taken the greatest oath in the history of the German Nation. See that you keep it." In Berlin some 70,000 persons assembled in the Lustgarten—the scene of so many political mass meetings—repeated the oath as it was received by radio, in the presence of President Hindenburg and the Chancellor himself. Kindred procedure was followed at various other centres.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

IN Sinclair Lewis's "Work of Art," the true artist tunes his poetic gift to the key of American business: that he is a poet is insisted on. The false artist, Ora Weagle, plumes himself on his genius. His verse, judging by the specimens given, is dreadful, and he is a worthless citizen. He skips, airily twittering, along the broad road, unburdened by a conscience. Presumably he is heading for the nethermost pit; his fate, when we last hear of him, is writing scenarios for Hollywood and impersonating Old Auntie Depression on the radio. In a worldly sense, his worship of the great god Bunk serves him pretty well. The true artist, his brother Myron, plods the narrow way of virtuous labour; he cherishes an ideal, he will create the perfect hotel. Ora sponges on him; the giants of the trade plunder him; the bootlegger trips him up. A kindly family man, he is harassed by the incessant complication of the slack employee with dependents. Myron had dedicated himself as a boy, when he scrubbed floors and emptied slops in his father's and mother's slovenly boarding-house; and he had set himself to learn and re-learn his progressive art. After a long probation he achieves the Perfect Inn, to see it ruined within a few weeks by a calamity he could neither have averted nor foretold.

His history does not end there. His soul is unconquerable. He is left pointing out to the young son who will partner him the site he has selected for the Pluperfect Inn that shall accommodate the guest of the future. Arnold Bennett would have delighted in Myron Weagle, and the rich, exuberant spirit of "Work of Art." The idealist lavishing upon the traveller inspired bills of fare and luxury plumbing, and rising from disaster to beckon the tourists once more through his revolving doors, would be a character after his own heart.

In Phyllis Bentley's "A Modern Tragedy," post-war depression submerged Walter Haigh, who is a well-meaning young man; ambitious too, but no resilient visionary. The slump forces the Lancashire cotton-spinners under. Walter's tragedy is that it would have taken a strong man to withstand the rascally Tasker, who inveigles him into a disreputable partnership. Walter is criminally weak, and the diffidence of youth makes him an easy prey. His struggle stands out against the inevitable background of union men and the Socialist fanatic at loggerheads with the mill-owners. So far, Miss Bentley carries her theme to dramatic success, but at the crisis she inexplicably gives realism the go-by. Tasker, the fraudulent director, true to type, escapes to a ship about to sail to South America. Rosamund, a valiant young woman, tracks him down, and by moral suasion induces him to return to take his trial. Her action is in keeping with what has gone before; Tasker's is not. His miraculous change of heart is incredible. Apart from this, "A Modern Tragedy" is soundly constructed. It is an interesting novel of the present day.

The expulsion of Jewish novelists from Germany has naturally stimulated their production and concentrated it on their racial problems. Arnold Zweig's "De Vriendt Goes Home" is the sympathetic portrait of an orthodox Jew—Dutch, not German—in Jerusalem. It is a political novel. The protagonists are the Zionist leaders, the progressive colonists of the Promised Land, and De Vriendt and his fellows, who are opposed to the secularisation of Jewry. In De Vriendt's eyes it is a spiritual issue; but, unhappily, in his private life he is a house divided against itself, and his secret is destined to be exposed by his enemies and used to destroy him. His yearning and his frustration are powerfully depicted. Herr Zweig's analysis of the political conditions in Palestine probes below the surface of the confusion in which factious Jews and Arabs seethe and surge. The English officials are the "good sportsmen" who administer a mandated territory with a handful of police. "De Vriendt Goes Home" is a book of mark. The treatment of its subject is not entirely sombre, and the psychological insight is impressive.

The two books of school life, "The Senior Commoner," by Julian Hall, and "Bloody Mary's," by Geoffrey Dennis, should be taken together, the better to ponder the contrast between Ayrton College, for which read Eton, and Queen Mary's, a Lancashire grammar school. The writing of "The Senior Commoner" is restrained, meticulously exact in word and phrase—it narrowly escapes being precious—and designed to a subdued, harmonious pattern. "Bloody Mary's" is more ebullient; the author's eagerness to omit nothing is conspicuous, and certainly nothing, seemly or not, has been omitted. The boys and the masters and their wives, who throng Harold Weir's term as Senior

Commoner, are borne on the flowing stream of the school's activities, inseparable from its purpose of training and directing character. Abel Yeo, of Queen Mary's, is left to sink or swim under the despotic rule of a flogging headmaster and the capricious peculiarities of his staff, who appear to have drifted into teaching haphazard, and are mainly eccentric or disappointed men. We are shown no bullying at Ayrton; at Bloody Mary's it is sickening. However, in spite of his unhappy experiences, Abel finds a few congenial spirits, and contrives to carry away with him a positive affection for the place, and for Dr. Paulus Pengelley. His regret is genuine when the school is closed, and he is transferred to a mild and model secondary school. Ayrton is living, in dignity and grace. Queen Mary's is dead. It is to be hoped she was the last of her race.

There is an immense earnestness about "Priest or Pagan," by John Rathbone Oliver. He has a message to deliver; but something in his method has obscured

"The Fugitive" is apparently the first novel by André Chamson to be translated into English. The English is American; as when the French peasant says "Howdy?" to the stranger. Chamson in this romance shows himself to be a master in economy of words; it is short, and all the more telling for that reason. It is the story of a young officer who rides through a remote province of France after the defeat and dissolution of the armies of Napoleon. The country people are hostile, malignant; they have been maddened by the conscription of their sons and their bloody sacrifice. It is a tragic story, beautifully told.

"Scent of Magnolia" is a novel in which Carmel Haden Guest breaks fresh ground with great success. Henry Alvarel Smith is an Argentinian, born and for the first few years of his life brought up on an estancia where he is free and happy. His troubles begin when he is taken to England and sent to a preparatory school that is everything a preparatory school ought not to be. The inhuman stupidity with which the place is run makes havoc of the sensitive little boy's happiness. He comes back to his native land to find the estancia has been sold, and he is plunged into a deeper unhappiness by falling in love with a worthless woman. Mrs. Haden Guest handles the Alvarez family, a close corporation, adroitly; the family gatherings are extraordinarily well described. Henry, in desperation, flees from his own kind, and goes out to minister to the dregs of the Buenos Ayres population. "Scent of Magnolia" has an arresting interest, and it is particularly rich in movement and colour.

To read any of Ernest Hemingway's books is to appreciate André Gide's pronouncement: "To-day it is their turn to speak who have not yet spoken." The sketches in "Winner Take Nothing" are scary; they turn the soil indeed, and turn up the dusty particles of men's motives and desires. It does not need to be said that they are starkly realistic, created as they are by a craftsman who has deliberately chosen to expend his genius on the things that have not yet been spoken. His work is not meat for babes; but then, it is not for babes that "Winner Take Nothing" has been written.

It was a happy idea to stage a murder in Broadcasting House. Everybody will enjoy seeing its benevolent complacency disturbed by a very shocking affair. Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell have been compelled to provide a plan of the interior in "Death at Broadcasting House." We have had too many of these geographical thrillers in which one has to keep on turning back to the map; but as only the favoured few know this building from the inside it just had to be, and the enthralling mystery makes up for it. The murder is committed while the victim is tête-à-tête with a microphone; his dying groans are transmitted to the listening world. This was no accident; there was sudden death in the part, and the murderer knew it. "Sister Satan," by George Dilnot, is well named. There was a perfect devilishness in the clever criminal who led the Scotland Yard men such a pretty dance in their hunt for the missing pearls. Lady Malchester is courageous to foolhardiness when she pits herself against the Sister's gang, but luck and Mr. Dilnot are on her side, and her adventures are agreeably hair-raising. "Death

by Misadventure" appears to be Barbara Malim's first flight in sensational romance. She tells the story ingeniously, covering the tracks carefully, and the truth about the murderer will come as a surprise to most people. The usual dilemma in a plot where amateurs have the lion's share of the sleuthing has not been escaped: Miss Fortescue and the Professor are meddlesome, and the fact is not disguised. These three detective stories can be warmly recommended.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Work of Art. By Sinclair Lewis. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
A Modern Tragedy. By Phyllis Bentley. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
De Vriendt Goes Home. By Arnold Zweig. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
The Senior Commoner. By Julian Hall. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
Bloody Mary's. By Geoffrey Dennis. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Priest or Pagan. By John Rathbone Oliver. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
The Salzburg Tales. By Christina Stead. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)
The Fugitive. By André Chamson. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
Scent of Magnolia. By Carmel Haden Guest. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)
Winner Take Nothing. By Ernest Hemingway. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
Death at Broadcasting House. By Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell. (Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.)
Sister Satan. By George Dilnot. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
Death by Misadventure. By Barbara Malim. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

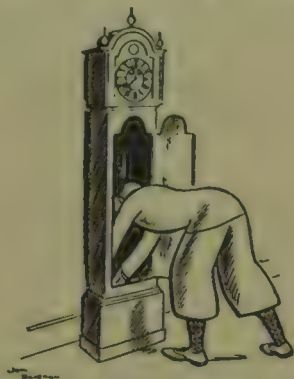
Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

it. He has tried, he says, to put into the form of fiction some of the objective results of an effort made by a Roman Catholic priest, a friend of his, to study the magic of the unconscious, magic as natural science on the basis of experience. Mr. Oliver introduces the practice of the mediæval black art. Whether mediæval magic can be included in natural science is doubtful, but the plot hinges on an experiment in the black art. Now, this has been done, and well done, before now, notably by Evelyn Underhill in "The Column of Dust." Here, perhaps because of its elaboration, the diabolical business is unconvincing. The conflict between the forces of good and evil is easier to follow in the simple antagonism of the two men, the earthly and the spiritual father, who contend for the soul of the boy, Marion Nichols. The atmosphere is Anglo-Catholic, and the scene is a New England university. "Priest or Pagan" will attract mystically-minded people. "The Salzburg Tales," by Christina Stead, really has the authentic mediæval touch, although the tales are told by modern persons in the intervals of the August Festival. Their narratives are highly imaginative, often wickedly witty, and composed with a rare distinction. This is a first book that is singularly mature, and of an unusual excellence.

A REPLY FROM THE SUDAN



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Dear Sirs,

We, on the Abyssinian frontier of the Sudan, enjoy seeing your advertisements almost as much as drinking Guinness, and I thought perhaps the enclosed photograph might be of interest to you as representing where we keep our Guinness (until we drink it). The tree is a "Tebeldi" at Kurmuk. In the Kordofan the tree is used by the Arabs for storing water in; but that is only because they can't obtain Guinness.

Yours faithfully,

X. Y. Z.

One of the advertisements
to which the writer refers.

AN ANCIENT SYRIAN KINGDOM AND ITS GOLD.

(Continued from Page 323.)

seems only to have become an important city in Roman times. It accords with the present state of our knowledge, therefore, to locate the famous Ugarit on the mound of Ras Shamra. This theory has also the advantage of agreeing with local tradition, which regards Ras Shamra as the ancient capital, and describes it as once immensely rich and of great size.

Ras Shamra's Reputation for Gold.

In all these popular accounts a characteristic feature is the reputed wealth in gold of the town buried in the depth of the Ras Shamra mound. Local tradition has it that, formerly, treasure in the shape of objects in precious metal were extracted from the soil. Ever since the Greek period, and up to the last years before the Great War, gold-seekers used to come to Ras Shamra to try their luck. The surface of the mound is strewn with heaps of stone and earth, the result of their unsystematic search, during which many ancient documents were destroyed without the desired result having been obtained. Ras Shamra kept most of its treasures. A veritable army of workmen was required, and a modern and systematic clearance over a very extensive area, directed according to an exact knowledge of topography of the successive towns built on Ras Shamra, was necessary in order to wrest from the mound one of the secret hiding-places.

The Discovery of the Gold Vessels.

We found these vessels amid a network of trenches made during former excavations, not far from a temple, on the clearance of which we had been engaged for several seasons. The hiding-place, when discovered, was in the actual soil, and at a shallow depth. It contained a bowl (or cup), and a patera, both of gold, in a very good state of preservation (Figs. 11 and 12).

The bowl, which was intact, is shaped like a round skull-cap, and is 17 cm. in diameter. It is completely covered with reliefs in repoussé, retouched or finished

with delicate engraving (Fig. 10). The principal theme of decoration, that nearest to the cup's edge, shows, between two friezes of spirals engraved in Mycenaean style, a succession of animals and human figures. The most important motif is a lion-hunt. The beast is seen near a dead stag, evidently used as a bait, and attacked by two hunters, one of whom thrusts a spear into the lion's chest, and the other a dagger into his flank. Among astral rosettes, birds and stylised branches indicate that

The gold patera (or plate), 19 centimetres in diameter, has vertical edges like Egyptian dishes of the 18th Dynasty period. On the flat surface round the umbilical centre, four vigorous ibexes, supporting on their horns the solar disc, move round in a majestic circle. In the next band of decoration we see a superb composition of most alluring beauty. A hunter standing on a chariot drawn by two fiery stallions draws with vigour a great bow. He is about to let fly an arrow at an ibex, rising in a superb leap, and a wild bull, both fleeing before him. The bull covers the retreat of a cow (recognised by her udders) and a calf running, head down, beside its mother. In front of the cow another bull is taking the offensive by dashing furiously at the back of the chariot, behind which runs a big hound.

We have here the work of a very remarkable artist. The modelling of the bulls and the attitudes of these great beasts, the line of the ibex in its flying leap, and the mad motion animating the whole scene, rival the best work that has come down to us from the ancient East.

Of local origin, without a doubt, and of somewhat composite style, betraying considerable debt to the art of neighbouring countries, especially Cyprus, Mycenæ, Egypt, and Assyria, the cup and patera of Ras Shamra can be dated to about the fourteenth century B.C. They are, therefore, amongst the oldest and most beautiful of historic metal vessels of Phœnician origin. They do great credit to the genius of the Syrian artists and jewellers, who, though less original, were nevertheless capable of producing true works of art. (See colour reproductions of the gold vessels on the centre double-page.)

As to the purpose of these precious receptacles, it was undoubtedly religious, for a text on

the Ras Shamra tablets mentions the gold bowl and patera as objects reserved for the service of the gods. A fuller account of the important discoveries during our fifth season will appear in Vol. XV. of the review, "Syria," in which MM. Virolleaud and Thureau-Dangin will also deal with some of the new cuneiform texts which we have found.



GENEROUS FEBRUARY SUNSHINE ON THE "ENGLISH RIVIERA": GUESTS ON THE TERRACE OF THE PALACE HOTEL, TORQUAY—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY!

the action is taking place in a forest. Other lions are seen attacking antelopes or wild bulls, whose terror and agony are most realistically represented. Amongst these real animals there are fantastic creatures—a griffin, a winged lion with horns like a bull, and a sphinx with outspread wings which is approaching a stylised shrub that represents, no doubt, the Sacred Tree.

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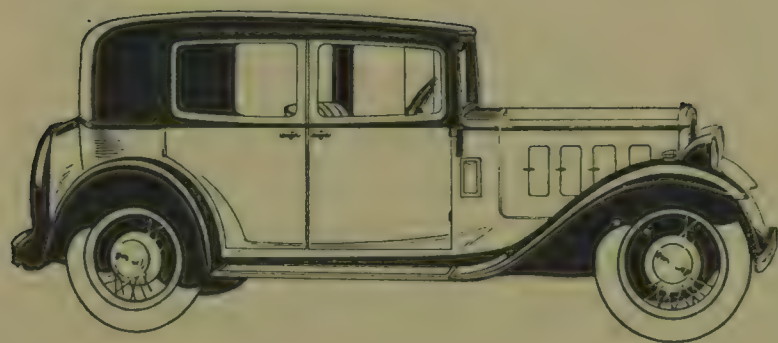
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MOTORING is very much cheaper to the car-owner to-day than its cost even ten years ago, so it is not surprising to find that the annual registrations of cars in Great Britain increase year by

year, notwithstanding "trade depression" or any other "bogey" to prevent folk spending money. In the first place, the cost of a new car is much less, and, lastly, the running charges are greatly reduced, due to longer life of all the materials. For instance, a "knight of the road" wrote to me recently stating that in his business as a commercial traveller he had covered 32,800 miles on the original set of Dunlop tyres supplied to him with his 12-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley, and that the treads appeared good for another 10,000 miles, as the pattern was still showing.

The distance was run between April and the end of December last year, so the tyre-cost per mile, for which one usually had to allow fourpence or fivepence, was reduced to a fraction of a penny.

New car registrations for the twelve months ending Dec. 31, 1933, were 183,059 in Great Britain and 3484 in Northern Ireland, as compared with 152,950 cars in Great Britain and 3080 cars in Northern Ireland in 1932. As usual, the 10-h.p. models were the most popular—48,938 cars sold; with the 8-h.p. type a close second—44,484 cars; with the 9-h.p. (13,319), 14-h.p. (12,149), and 16-h.p. (9122) next in order of favour with the British motoring public. Also, as the export orders for English cars showed an increase, the industry on the whole had an excellent year of business.

As a few hundred British cars were sold to buyers on the Continent last year, it is hoped that this market may be enlarged this coming season. For that reason, English exhibitors have taken space for the Copenhagen Motor Show, opening on March 2, and at the Geneva Motor Exhibition, March 16-25. Among other exhibits a comprehensive array of Humber and Hillman cars will be staged at each Show. Rolls-Royce, Morris, and Austin will also be represented.

Motor rallies are very popular nowadays, as, besides their sporting aspect, they have a social value. Also, such competitions offer the best opportunity for the

woman driver to show that she is just as skilful and safe on the road as the mere male product. The next of these affairs is the R.A.C. Rally at Bournemouth. The date is March 13 to 17, and the list of entries shows that 400 cars will take part in this event. Of these, 100 cars start from London, 63 from Bath, 45 from Buxton, 33 from Norwich, 22 from Newcastle-on-Tyne, 33 from Liverpool, 57 from Leamington, 29 from Harrogate, and 18 from Glasgow. Out of these four hundred entrants, 50 drivers are women. Amongst these are Lady M. Oldham, the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd, Miss B. M. Sheffield, Mrs. R. Gough, Miss V. M. Wilby, Mrs. E. M. Staniland, Miss L. M. Roper, Miss D. C. N. Champney, Miss M. Whitney, and Mrs. L. Bainbridge.

Earl Howe entertained at luncheon recently his fellow team-mates and the *équipe* leaving England for Brescia to take part in the Italian road race, Coppa

Mille Miglia, run on April 7-8. Three M.G. Magnette cars, driven by Lord Howe, Captain G. E. T. Eyston, and Mr. C. Penn Hughes, are to represent Great Britain in that event. Lord Howe was most enthusiastic about the race, and declared that it was the only classic event now run which followed the lines of the older Paris-Bordeaux, Paris-Madrid, and Paris-Moscow races of pre-war early motoring days; as in those events the roads were not cleared of traffic, and so each driver had to take his chance of obstruction. The course over the Italian roads was a figure of eight, starting and finishing at Brescia, with Bologna as the crossing point of the lines proceeding by way of Cremona, Piacenza, Parma, Bologna, Florence, Siena, to Rome, then turning northward to Perugia, Ancona, Pesaro, Forlì, to Bologna, and then eastward through Ferrara, Rovigo, Padova, Venice, Treviso, Vicenza, Verona, back to Brescia.

All these cars are fitted with the Wilson automatic-changing gear-box, and its success in last year's race, when these British cars won the team prize, has induced drivers to use it again, as they gained many miles climbing up the Futa Pass, south of Bologna,



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE MOTOR TRADE ASSOCIATION: MR. W. M. W. THOMAS (A DIRECTOR AND GENERAL SALES MANAGER OF MORRIS MOTORS, LTD.), WHO SUCCEEDS MR. FRANK LANCHESTER.

The Council of the Motor Trade Association is the central trade organisation of which all British car manufacturers and the vast majority of dealers are members. In a brief presidential address, Mr. Thomas said he hoped that the deliberations of the Association would be confined strictly to business, and that trade politics would be at a minimum.

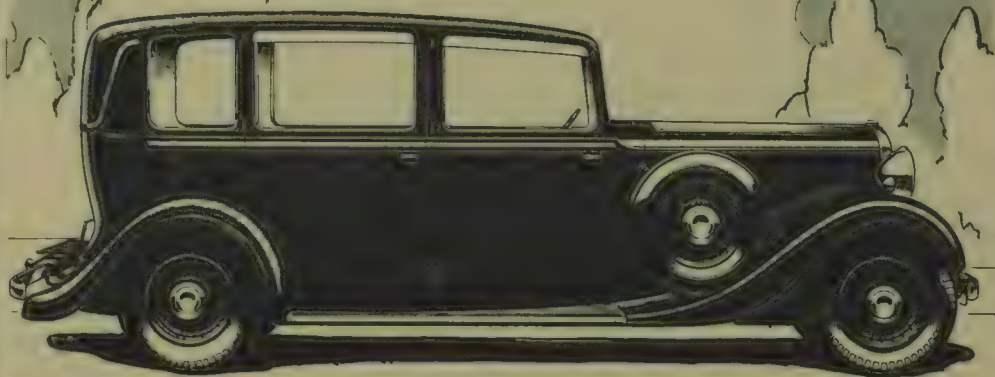


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by the aid of this pre-selective gear, plus the powerful M.G. 1100-c.c. engines. Last year the late Sir Henry Birkin put up the magnificent run from Brescia to Bologna (129 miles) at an average speed of 87.95 miles per hour, but had to retire after Siena; while Captain Eyston and Earl Howe averaged 56.9 m.p.h. and 56.82 m.p.h. respectively, for the whole race of 1005 miles, a record performance for 1½-litre cars. Consequently they have undertaken a very big task to beat themselves, besides the other competitors.



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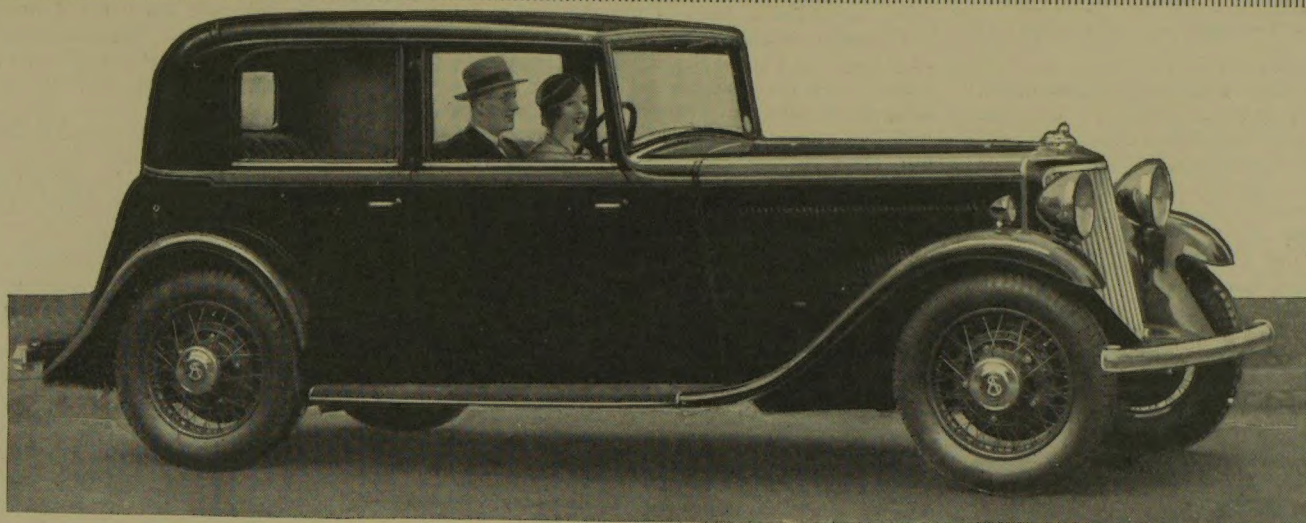
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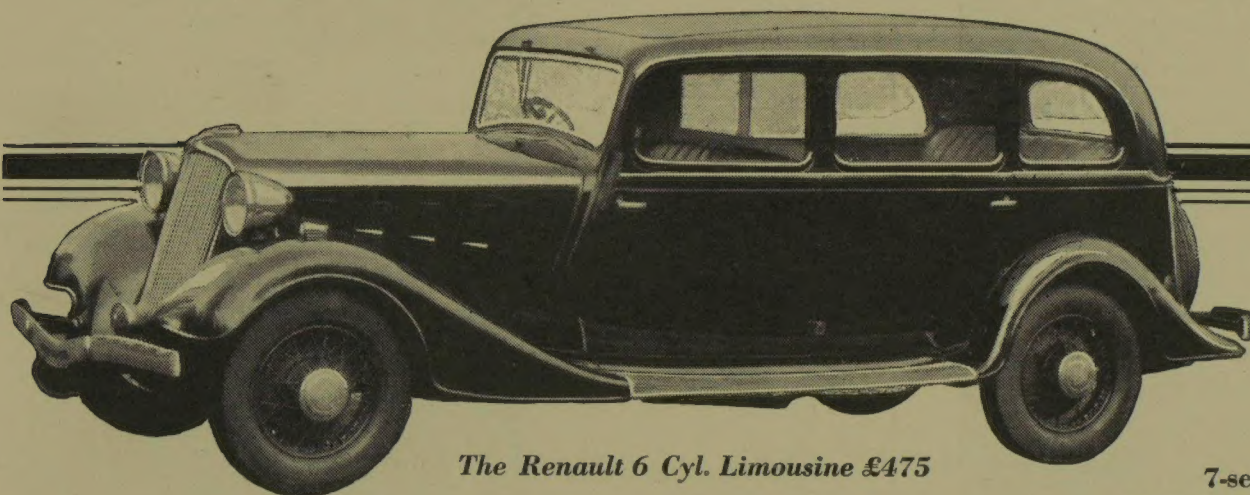
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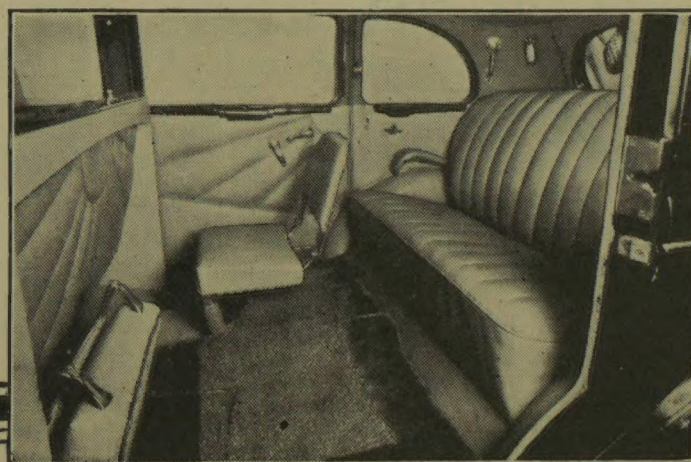
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PRIVATE ROOM," AT THE WESTMINSTER.

FOR two acts Miss Naomi Royde-Smith tells an extremely interesting, if slightly disconnected, story. As a study of lower middle-class life, the first act is quite good. One doesn't quite believe in the son of the house who pays his mother five pounds a quarter for his board and lodging; in the daughter who fortuitously arrives home with a twelve-guinea dance frock on about the only occasion in her life she could find a use for it; nor does an elder sister with a hatred towards the world, deeming her ill-health to be due to an insufficient butter ration during the war, carry conviction. Yet if of the theatre, rather than of the real suburbs, they are interesting enough. To earn money to send her invalid sister to a sanatorium, Lilla agrees to act as a professional co-respondent for the evening. The second act, in the "Private Room" of an hotel, was in its way perfect. Miss Thea Holme, as the girl, never overdid the *gaucheries* of one dining on unaccustomed dishes. Her hesitations as she waited for her host unconsciously to indicate the cutlery to be employed were delightfully natural. Nor was her carrying of her party shoes in a tapestry bag out of the picture. As the peer, Mr. Alan Napier admirably supported Miss Holme in this act. The third act was much too talky. Lilla, imagining herself in love with the peer, jilts her faithful middle-class lover, to discover, when his lordship visits her hat shop with his bride, that he has completely forgotten her. The play has atmosphere, and, if the third act is heavily cut, should win success.

"YOURS SINCERELY," AT DALY'S.

Those playgoers who had hoped from Miss Rita John's production of "Jolly Roger" that she was going to devote her talents to presentations somewhat off the beaten track will be disappointed with this revue. At no time does it rise above the mediocre; nor is there ever the slightest suggestion of originality. Mr. Billy Caryl is an extremely amusing comedian, though now and again he permits himself touches of vulgarity that, while not, for some reason, particularly offensive in a music hall, are out of place in a legitimate theatre. Perhaps the measure of the

material provided is hinted at by the statement that the brightest turn of the evening was his very old variety sketch, "The Homecoming of George." Miss Viola Tree is developing fast as a low comedienne. Miss Cicely Courtneidge could not sing a patriotic song as a pantomime queen with more effect. She has, too, an attractively wistful air, as if pleading our kind indulgence. Miss Louise Browne dances gracefully. The revue can be, and probably is being, pulled together, but it is never likely to make theatrical history.

"THE QUEEN WHO KEPT HER HEAD," AT THE KINGSWAY.

This is a very workmanlike and always entertaining play, even though it scales few heights as dramatic literature. We see a rapidly aging Henry, content to be the third husband of a wife unlikely to deceive him. Mr. Raymond Lovell, whose name is unfamiliar, plays the rôle of Henry on lines that differ from those of Mr. Charles Laughton and Mr. Frank Vosper, and so has nothing to fear from comparison. He gives an extremely able performance. Miss Laura Cowie was born to play queens. There is colour, poise, and humanity about her acting that makes one wonder why she has not achieved even greater distinction in the theatre. The author must have credit for giving her scope to display the many facets of her art. Repelling the advances of her much-loved Sir Thomas Seymour, mothering the Princess Elizabeth, nursing the sick King—here is a character that carries conviction.

"HERE'S HOW," AT THE SAVILLE.

A musical comedy along conventional lines, with little humour apart from that which Mr. George Robey puts into it. Mr. Robey is as good as ever, and even those who do not number themselves among his greatest admirers cannot fail to appreciate the skill with which he makes his effects. He has too little to do with the tedious story, winning most of his applause as an individual turn. He also displays a hitherto unsuspected gift as a dancer. Miss Lili Damita, a famous film star, proves that the stage is not her *métier*. She is pretty enough, but much too restless; while her voice has no great quality. Some of the numbers were delightfully melodious.

The frocks were extremely beautiful; daring on occasion, but always a feast of colour. An exceptionally talented chorus helped Mr. George Robey to win considerable applause for this production at the fall of the curtain.

"QUEEN ELIZABETH."

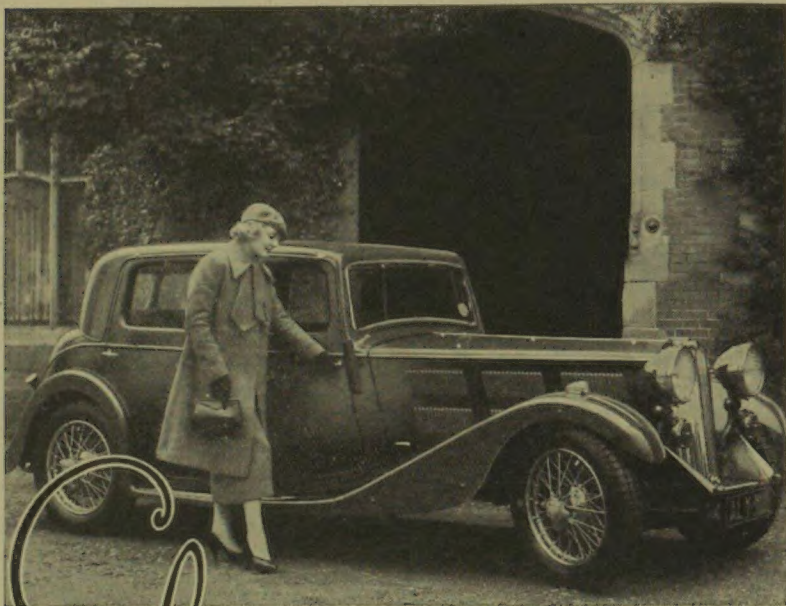
(Continued from Page 322.)

country at peace, or what passed as peace in those days. She then faced, with magnificent spirit, a crisis which involved the fate, not only of England, but of Protestantism. Her reign grew more rather than less troublous, and there was, as Professor Neale writes, "no evening quiet" for her. Religious dissension, which she hated, seethed round her, ever threatening the excesses which bedabbled France with blood. Her intimates and her counsellors, whom she had chosen with unfailing judgment, went one by one; but she held on her course unshaken in mind and almost unshaken in body. She never broke her word solemnly given. It is impossible to attribute to her any public act of grave injustice. The financial basis of the English monarchy was, and always had been, thoroughly unsound; only by prodigies of budgeting did Elizabeth maintain government at home and war abroad. "No national debt; no long-term loans; annual income a quarter of a million, increasing under stress by a further sixty per cent.: only with this in mind can the story of the war period be appreciated." Despite the rapacity of all those about her, Elizabeth in her financial management contrived to do what her Stuart successors completely failed to do.

Forty-five years she bore the burden, to the admiration of the whole world; and laid it down quietly, without either regret or complacency, when she was tired out. "Life, as Gloriana valued it, was past, and nothing remained but the melancholy memory of its splendours and sorrows and tragedies. She wanted to die, and the last service that she could render her beloved country was to die quickly. . . . And then she turned her face to the wall, sank into a stupor, and between the hours of two and three in the morning of March 24th, 1603, passed quietly away, 'as the most resplendent sun setteth at last in a western cloud.'"

This book is biography in its best manner, sober, perceptive, and judicious. It is a valuable contrast to some of the loose fantasies which occasionally pose as biography. Small negligences of style are compensated by restraint of tone. A bibliography would have been appropriate.

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